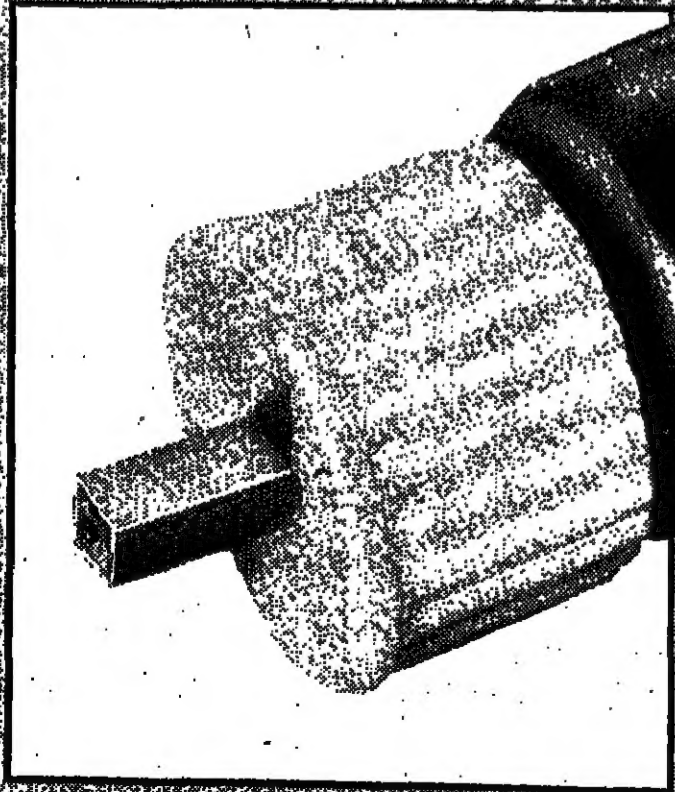
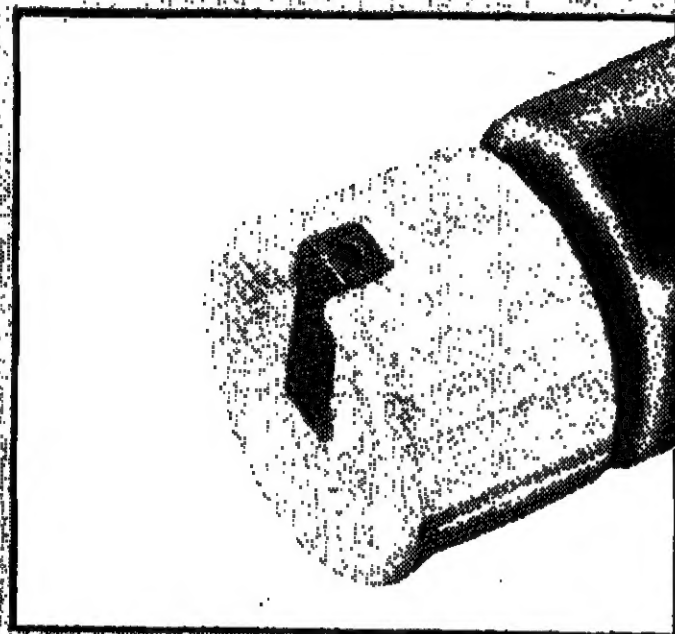


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THE COVER: The photo of two life-guards on their surf-boat (hasaka) was taken by Shlomo Bar-Tal of Tel Aviv. More photos, and a report by Sarah Honig on bathing dangers are on pages 20 and 21.



Author Gregori Svirsky left the U.S.S.R. for Israel last April, ending a long struggle against anti-Semitism in Russia, and convinced that the assimilation of the Jews into Soviet society is a no longer credible illusion. He is at present preparing the scenario

for "Jews to the Left," a film based on the hijacked Sabena plane incident last May. Here Svirsky outlines to GEORGE LEONOF the events of more than a quarter century which led him, once a fervent Soviet patriot, to leave Russia.

ESCAPE FROM ANTI-SEMITISM

GREGORI Svirsky — author, scenario writer, publicist and lecturer and, according to himself, a completely assimilated Russian Jew — grew up as a fervent patriot of his Soviet motherland. He became a card-carrying member of the Communist Party in 1943 at the age of 21, while a gunner in the Soviet naval air force. Even before his formal admission to the Party, he once requested his commander, that, if he failed to return from a mission, he be "considered a Communist." He finished the war a much-decorated sergeant, with the rank of lieutenant in the naval reserves. Returning to his interrupted studies at the Moscow Philological Institute, he went on to a literary career and became an active member of the Soviet Writers Union.

Underground work

By 1965 he had become a nationally known figure in Soviet Jewry's struggle against anti-Semitism, "prominent" also in Samizdat, the underground group which circulates literary works rejected by Soviet publishing houses. Svirsky conducted an open fight against the mounting anti-Semitic trends, campaigning vigorously from the forums of the Writers Union and within the Party itself. One of his strongest attacks against anti-Semitism in Soviet letters, delivered in the presence of top-ranking Party functionaries at the 1968 conference of the Writers Union, is reproduced in Vol. VI of Solzhenitsyn's collected works published outside the U.S.S.R.

Last April, Svirsky immigrated to Israel with his wife, an organic chemist, and their 17-year-old son. He frankly admits that neither he nor his wife have developed a Zionist consciousness, or seek a life of specifically Jewish character not to be found in the U.S.S.R. They left Russia because of anti-Semitism, "finally convinced of the hopelessness of striving to achieve a more democratic regime," and because a creeping ban on Svirsky's literary activities was beginning to strangle him economically. In the circumstances

he feared that further activities on his part could only compromise the struggle.

The road to total disillusionment was slow and painful. He first realized how deeply anti-Semitism was imbedded in his country during the Second World War, a time when it seemed that racial prejudice would be obliterated by the life-and-death struggle.

Shortly after the Nazi invasion in 1941, when he was stationed at an air force base in southern Byelorussia, a truck in which he and some other mechanics were travelling passed a column of refugees, many of them obviously Jewish, fleeing before the German advance. The comment in his vehicle, with significant glances in his direction, was "The Jews are running away." Svirsky was not only angered by the implicit malice of the remark ("for they all knew what the Jews could expect at the hands of the Nazis"), but found himself feeling "personally involved in their flight."

A discovery

More than a year later, he was to find that even the Russian comrades with whom he faced death daily were not free from the infection of anti-Semitism — "including those who I believe would have risked their lives for me, as I would risk mine for them." He was now a machine-gunner on a torpedo-bomber stationed within the Arctic Circle.

On a routine patrol over the Barents Sea, his plane emerged from the mist almost smack over a 25-ship Nazi convoy a few hundred metres below. The startled pilot made out the bulk of an unusually large transport in the foreground "without warning, to make effective use of the lone torpedo under the plane's belly, the pilot dived precipitately to level off 20 metres above the waves — so suddenly that I crashed jaw-first into the butt of the machinegun."

The convoy opened up with all they had at the Russian bomber, which, though heavily perforated, managed to get away into the thick haze, but not before Svirsky

(Continued on Page 4)



Shortly before leaving Russia, Svirsky, shown above with the captain of a river steamer, sailed one of Siberia's great rivers, the Yenisei, which bisects the country from north to south. For much of its 4,000-km. length, he writes, "one sees abandoned villages, penal colonies or places of exile — and everywhere graves, graves, graves. The captain names the villages, adding that one once held exiled Lithuanians, another Poles ... Germans ... Kalmyks ... Tartars ... He makes no particular mention of Jews. They died everywhere."

Escape from Anti-Semitism

(Continued from Page 3)
 sky had the satisfaction of seeing the torpedo strike home.
 An hour later, Svirsky and the navigator were tearing with frozen, bleeding fingers at the strut of the damaged landing gear as the bomber circled over its base north of Murmansk. When the wounded pilot brought the plane down, the crew were too exhausted to notice the unusual gathering of top brass on the tarmac. While the damaged bomber was limping home, information had been received that the transport they sank had been carrying several thousand troops, about half of a crack Nazi alpine division.
'Great — but Jewish'

An unusual ceremony took place then and there on the air-strip. The pilot, bleeding from one hastily bandaged shoulder, had the Order of the Red Star pinned on the other, then presented his crewmen for similar decoration. Svirsky he commended as "a really great guy, although he's Jewish."
 "He meant no offence," Svirsky says. "We had always enjoyed simple, frank and close relations. But if this was the attitude of a man with whom I had just passed literally through fire and water, what could I expect from the Russian people as a whole?"
 Nevertheless, when in 1944 he was assigned as a correspondent to a front-line newspaper in Murmansk, he was still "full of admiration and love for the selfless men flying those missions, afraid I would not be doing enough to record their heroism."
 When peace returned, among his first works were a novel and a film scenario, both tributes to his wartime comrades. The script ran into trouble because its hero was from a penal battalion—a unit formed of officers and men sentenced for violations of discipline. "Everyone knew that they were often among the bravest and most dashing soldiers, but nothing could save this 'improper scenario' from cuts and other changes."
 Demolished in 1946, he returned to the Moscow Philological Institute, graduating in 1951. He dismisses his earliest novel on university life as "thoroughly immature," but it qualified him for membership in the Soviet Writers Union. There he observed, from the inside, the intrigues and skulduggery that, in part, caused the death of the entire Jewish Section.

Thuggery at the top
 "I came to know intimately the thuggery in top Party echelons, but for some time I still retained a tender spot for Stalin. Like many others, I believed that, old and ailing, he was unaware of the monstrosities perpetrated in his name. Nor could I easily forget how many men went bravely to their death with the words, 'For Stalin and the motherland.'"
 This last illusion, too, was dispelled even before Nikita Khrushchev's famous speech at the 20th Party Congress in 1956.
 In the somewhat relaxed atmosphere after Stalin's death, one of Svirsky's articles, "How to Stop Thinking," appeared in "Stop Life," an official Communist publication. It was an attack on the Party's abhorrence of polemics and its disinclination to hear the other side of any issue. There was a brief period of hope after Khrushchev's speech, "but it soon became obvious that the Stalinists did not intend to surrender."
 Svirsky's next novel, "Government Examination," a warning that the regime was facing an acid test of its readiness to democratize Soviet society, never saw the light of day. Appraised as a highly sophisticated political work by three publishing houses, each of which in turn

actually began setting the manuscript, it was never cleared for publication.
 Still, he managed to get into print. "I travelled widely throughout the Soviet Union and had many political articles published in the press," he observes. By the time the all-Moscow writers' conference came around in October, 1965, Svirsky was determined to make it an occasion for denouncing anti-Semitism openly. He knew he could count on the support of a number of non-Jewish members.
 "I was among the first to put my name down to speak at the conference, which I knew would be attended by many members of the Communist Party's Central Committee," Svirsky says. "Members of the presidium knew of my intentions, and as one speaker followed another, it became clear to me that I was going to be passed over. Then, as Pyotr Demichov, Brezhnev's ideological aide, rose to address the conference, I demanded from the floor to be given the right to speak. More than 100 of the 1,000 participants gave me their vociferous support and Demichov, somewhat ruffled, called for a vote. It was overwhelming in my favour."

Describes travel
 "I opened with a description of my recent travels in the country: in the Caucasus, I was the only one of a mixed group of mountaineers not invited by an Ossetian dignitary to his daughter's wedding because he thought I was a Georgian; in Tbilisi I was attacked outside a restaurant by two Georgian stalwarts who mistook me for an Armenian; the Baltic members of our group used to stop talking whenever I approached because, I eventually learned, they were sure I was a Russian."
 "The tittering audience burst into roars of laughter when I added that, 'after my experience with the heavy anti-Semitism of Kiev, I rushed home as fast as I could to my native pogrom-clicks.'"
 On his return to Moscow Svirsky found he was excluded from the editorial board of the periodical named, of all things, "Drushba Narodov" ("Peoples' Friendship"), for no other reason than that he was Jewish. He denounced the magazine's chief editor, Victor Smirnov, as a rabid anti-Semite, "and in this I was supported by some 80 speakers — 10 of them Russians," he says. "I had earlier made the point at various Party tribunals, but this was the first time I brought the matter up at a major conference."
 He subsequently rejected all Party efforts to hush the matter up, including one asking him to declare that he had made his charges in the heat of the moment.
 "Smirnov was replaced. My speech was circulated privately in no less than 100,000 copies, and reached the West. The event gave Soviet Jews a much-needed boost: I had won my point, but the conference marked the beginning of a campaign of repression against my work. For a while, a black Volvo automobile, popularly identified with the secret police, was stationed outside my door. I myself was never tackled by the organization, but publishers returned my work and scheduled reissues of my books were cancelled. Only 'The Lenin Prospect,' a risky work on the silence of the proletariat whatever is done in their name, continued to be sold — because it gave instances of 'labour heroism.'"
 "I could still work on films for a while, but only 'Novy Mir' ('New World'), still edited by Alexander Yevdovsky, continues to publish my reviews. Several

times I was approached by the "Literaturnaya Gazeta," organ of the Soviet Writers Union, to let it print 'a few lines' expressing regret at my action. I declined.
 By this time Svirsky realized that he would either have to knuckle under or leave the U.S.S.R. He decided to make one more bid, at the January, 1968, conference of the Soviet Writers Union. His address to the conference contained a detailed denunciation of censorship and pinpointed evidence of a Stalinist revival. The speech, subsequently included in Solzhenitsyn's collected works, was first picked up in the West by the Paris "Le Monde," then by a score of other existing stenographic records,

both in the hands of the Party's Central Committee, remained unamended.
 "That located the leak," he says. Nevertheless, he felt that his arrest was imminent. His wife was still working in Moscow, but he was restricted to lecturing outside the capital.
 Towards the end of 1971, the family applied to leave for Israel. At the same time Svirsky handed the organizational secretary of the Writers Union, Viktor Ilyin, a statement explaining why he was leaving.
 In it, the one-time assimilated writer made two major points. The first was that Soviet anti-Semitism flowed downwards from the Government. The other, that he had become convinced that Russian Jewry cannot be assimilated "because you cannot assimilate marked men" — a reference to the Soviet Union's compulsory national identification.

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Lea Ben-Dor's Parliamentary Report



THE SPHINX STIRS

Premier Meir makes another offer of direct negotiations with Egypt, and Yitzhak Navon offers a scholarly clue as to what the Egyptians are thinking about the question of war and peace.



Premier Golda Meir with Defence Minister Moshe Dayan during the Knesset debate on the latest moves in Egypt. (Rubinger)

THE Knesset wound up yesterday with a long, very carefully worded statement by Premier Meir on the still only half-cooked falling out between the Egyptians and their Soviet protectors.

The phrase that has been picked out as most notable was her offer to President Sadat of direct negotiations — but that is scarcely new. Every prime minister, starting with Mr. Ben Gurion, has made this hopeful suggestion: it will only be real news when an Egyptian ruler is either strong enough to be confident of being able to drive a good bargain, or weak enough to realize that the prospects of talks, however limited, are better than of total inaction.

A touch of chilly Kremlin humour is added to the situation by the official Soviet comment that Mrs. Meir's speech is all "hypocrisy." To the anti-war Russian public talks would probably sound like a very sensible proposal, and therefore it must not be presented to them as the desire of an Israeli premier, even though the men in the Kremlin know well enough that we want talks now, and the Egyptians want Sinai only and several other things, after which there will not be anything to talk about.

WHAT kind of a tale will the returning Soviet advisers, experts, instructors and technicians take back with them? There was not much contact, one hears. On the one hand, the Russians kept themselves to themselves and were clammy — and the language barrier must have been almost insurmountable except in the top echelons, where French could offer a bridge: the Russians do not seem to learn much English. On the other hand, the Soviet advisers gave the Egyptian army the unpopular advice that they were incapable of fighting a war against Israel, and the instructors often found fault with their students. And yet, of course, the Egyptians are scorable people if you have no quarrel with them with more sense of the enjoyment of life and more dislike of death than the real Arabs. Who has ever heard of anti-regime jokes circulating in Baghdad? Or even in Beirut? Cairo is always full of them. That is why it should get together with Tel Aviv in the long run. It has the same frame of mind, moderately cynical. It is an interesting line of speculation for anyone interested in the kind of agreement we may ultimately expect to make with Egypt. Not that the Russians will tell us. They need friction in the area. Peace might rob them tomorrow of their comfortable Mediterranean base in Egypt.

MR. Yitzhak Navon (Alignment) offered a scholarly clue to what the Egyptians themselves are thinking, which may have trickled through to such Russians as contrived to make any serious contacts. A great deal has been written in Egypt, he said, to explain the three lost wars of 1948, 1956 and 1967.

There has been some cruel self-criticism, and merciless exposure of the flaws in Arab society, and sometimes even exaggeration of the faults. Some of the writers proposed ways in which these faults might be cured. Sometimes it seemed as though there was competition who could stick the scalpel deepest in the living flesh; politicians and their friends took part in this criticism.

But even men in public life who took part in this self-criticism forgot everything they seemed to have learnt if they were faced with a new problem. Then their only desire was to put the blame on somebody else.

Mr. Navon quoted the celebrated conversation between Nasser and Egyptian War Minister Riad in the Six Day War, when Riad had been sent to Amman as liaison officer. Held on an open line, monitored and re-broadcast in Israel a few hours later (and thought by many at the time to be one of Kishon's funniest most characteristic skits), this was the conversation in which Nasser said he would claim that American planes had taken part in the war and asks whether he should say there were British planes too. Then the defeat would not be Egypt's fault. Now, despite the "pseudo-scholarly articles of Hassanin Heykal," Sadat was still busy looking for somebody to blame for the situation, some-

times it was the Soviet Union, sometimes the United States and, of course, Israel. Only Egypt itself was never responsible, nor its policies, nor its own navel-gazing.

"Despite Heykal's warning that the time has come to play chess, it is *shesh-bech* (a form of backgammon, a game of chance played with dice) that dictates the moves and the search after an outside power that will come to the rescue and force Israel to accept the desired solution (i.e. withdrawal to the 1967 boundaries)." This time it is the Soviet Union that is being blamed, for refusing to open war or supplying some desired weapon. Mrs. Meir had said she had studied Sadat's speech carefully but in vain for some hint of how he sought to escape the no-peace no-war situation he declares is intolerable for Egypt. Mr. Navon adds: "The only proposal is again one that seeks an external solution, demanding that the Arab states deny their oil to the U.S. in order to force them to force Israel to withdraw." Endless visits to Moscow, meetings with Americans, speeches in the Security Council, U Thant, the four powers, the two powers, Jarring, anybody, but not Israel itself. Talking to Israel would be "defeat," though talking to everyone else has produced no results. "In Egypt they asked the oracle, the

Sphinx of our day, the computer, and it answered that the present situation has 426 points to favour Israel, and 118 against Egypt. Nobody asked the computer what would happen to Egypt in the event of either peace or war. Of course Heykal thinks the Arab summer visitors more dangerous than guns and planes. They are liable to see the truth that has been kept from them, the truth that every child in Ramallah or East Jerusalem knows, that it is perfectly possible to live in peace with the Jews." It was an interesting analysis by a man who would give up more territorial advantage than most for the prospect of real peace, and who has more sympathy than most for the terrible predicament of the defeated. Mr. Navon, like the rest of us, has no solution, but his is the kind of voice that might reach out and meet a counter-part in Cairo.

It was curious after this sympathetic but sombre analysis by a member who studies Arab sources carefully in the original, to listen to the ideology-oriented views of Mr. Yaacov Hazan (Mapam-Alignment), without giv-



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END-OF-THE-YEAR ENTERTAINMENT

"YOU will come, Daddy, won't you?"

"Yes, I will." This brief dialogue between myself and my middle son Amir had been repeating itself twice a day for the past six months—once before breakfast and once at bedtime. This was because his teacher, Nediva, had given the child a leading part in the end-of-year performance, and from that moment he had spent the time in his room, standing in a circle and reciting the authorized text like a stuck record.

"Little rabbit grab it Babbit," his voice used to ring out beyond the wall, "moon soon tree glee pink clink..."

And more of the unpunctuated same. He'd even walk to school mumbling bits of rosy-posy-busy-bee and this-went-to-market or something.

Average daddy

When the time came, the classroom itself was bursting at the seams with pictures of Land of Israel scenery, and I could barely squeeze myself in under the Sea of Galilee and beside the cakes. The room was hot, and the abundance of fond parents boded ill. In such a situation an average daddy like myself has the choice between two I-won't-say-evil: he can either sit on a chair and see the backs of necks, or stand up and see his son. I chose the compromise of sitting on the back of a chair, behind a mum with a back-to-front baby who kept staring at me bleaky and sniffing me with nervous suspicion.

"Daddy," my son asked before we parted, "You staying?"

"Yes, I'm staying." Amir found a place on the limelit bench and the communal singing started with communal gusto: *Ami Zami, Hinei ma tov, Hinei ma tov*. The parents joined in whenever teacher was looking. Then a freckled boy stepped forward to address the parents:

"To Jerusalem let us go, Land-of-Israel-we-love-you-so, They fought and knew no fear, Parents, parents dear..."

Remember, I'm sitting at some distance from the scene of action and the text reaches my ears a bit droopily. Just now, for instance, a minuscule youth is reciting something about the Land of Israel and visual impressions. My son keeps checking up on me, and so does the back-to-front baby. Riotous applause, and I ask is this the end?

Flute orchestra

"The class flute orchestra," replies the little comper on stage, "Landler of our land!" I am extremely fond of the flute as such, but out in the country, not among dense urban crowds. Grade Four counts four musicians among its members, so we are going to have four numbers in order to let them have a solo piece: one Nardi, one Hayda, one Schoenberg and one Dvorak—the Land of Israel Suite. The windows are getting crowded with newspaper-reading daddies. Quite openly too, which isn't nice. I borrow somebody's sports page. Spiegler. When the concert ends we applaud very carefully, but not carefully enough. Encore: Beethoven's "Leonora," though only the overture.

If that damn baby doesn't get his damn eyes off me I don't know what I may do...

Hey!

My son rises and moves to...

wards the stage. With a chair. Seems that for the moment he's only acting as prop-man. "You there?" his eyes ask. "I'm here," I answer with a tiny twitch of my ear. My own son, after all. Why don't they hold these parties outside, in the fields and meadows? Or at the pool? A delightful lot has climbed up on my son's prop and proclaims himself to be Shlemer the Dreamer.

I decide to listen to this, come what may, and rivet my attention on Shlemer's lips.

"So you wonder why, so I'll tell you, fellas." Thus Shlemer. "My mum said what so I went and yelled fellas it's a cat so the cat too and then whadyathink? Believe it or not fellas he went oops and suddenly grabbed him so whadyathinkfellas? He was all over chalk!"

The children burst out laughing, I must be going gaga. I concentrate, I'm an antenna, all of me, and yet I can't catch a single sentence whole. I notice that the other daddies are breathing hard as well. By the door, Shlemer's mummy and teacher Nediva are haggling: the mummy points out what a lot of hard work has gone into preparing the act, and Nediva says one more and that's it. Mummy: Three. Compromise: Three, with a little Land of Israel thrown in, fellas, he spoke and sang and so he couldn't find and bang.

The first hour

One hour gone. The mum with the back-to-fronter collapses noisily into the cakes. I rush over to help her out into the fresh air, but a few seasoned daddies forestall me and joyfully sweep her out. What do they mean, the party's not over yet, is it?

"And now," says the comper, "this Cock-a-doodle-doo Swingers in Birds of Erets Israel!"

I'm not really all that fond of children. That is, I'm very fond of them, but in small quantities and not all of them together like that. They're lousy actors too. Just look at them now, tumbling about like puppets to the sound of the flute quartet and singing: Naughty Cock-a-doodle-doo, tum-tum-tum flowers too, little chirper carrot, something something parrot...

Gasping for air

I'm worn out. The windows are obscured by parents gasping for air, kid sisters want pee-pees, their daddies are smoking in the yard in open revolt. My son waves at me: Don't budge, I'm on soon. I drag myself as far as Nediva and ask will we have an intermission? Impossible, she says, the party'll take too long.

"It's not so short as it is," I hint subtly.

"Every child must have a leading part," Nediva apologizes, "otherwise there's jealousy."

A few enviable daddies whose offspring have already done their numbers are gone with the wind. The beginnings of a Biblical spectacle in five acts are sorting themselves out on stage. My son is dispensing props again, damn him. This time I manage to get a peep at the script, which Gill's brother holds in a shaking hand to prompt as needed.

Egyptian taskmaster: (raising a whip) Labour with rigour, ye idlers!

Child of Israel: We have toiled since dawn and are weary. Hast thou no compassion?

I know heaps of people who never married and begot and they're happy as larks. Besides, one more peep out of a Hebrew

flute and I'll lose control. Oops!

All of a sudden things take a drastic turn. The whole party gets into shape, fills with interest, a certain *je ne sais quoi* that makes one sit up and take notice. A handsome child comes on stage, my son, I presume. He's Mendele Mocher Seferim or something, it's hard to tell off hand.

"Moon soon tree glee plink clink ooga nahooga..." My little redhead reels off his leading part loud and clear. With modest pride I look round at the audience and get a shock: absolute indifference on every face and in every glassy eye. And that when Amir's every word

is audible! His acting is medium-to-good, his diction reasonable, but his voice is clear all right. Never was such a clear voice heard in the Land of Israel. He's positively screaming—and they nod!

"Ahat-ahatayim," declaims my Mendele, "Tehayim, Oivatayim, raglayim..."

Every line rhymes with Yerusshalayim, see? Come to think of it, I'm called Ephraim myself. Clever. I applaud my redhead wildly. He waves: "Daddy, you— you?" Yes, it is I, my son, bless you!

Amir has come to the end of his number and sits down in good

order. It's getting dark outside. Nediva is nudging the comper. "What?" I ask her, amazed. "Still more?"

"What do you mean, more?" she replies. "We're starting on our Beautiful Land of Israel Pageant, twelve tableaux with commentary..."

The cast don sheets and paper hats. Flutes. Commentary Male choir. Hora hagallia hagall. Drums. Yerusshalayim. "In the beginning God all of a sudden created the heavens and let there be a land of..." opens Gill. But the rest has slipped my mind.

(By arrangement with "Ma'ariv." Translated by Miriam Arad)

Ephraim Kishon goes to a school performance



President Sadat, right, with his War Minister, General Mohammed Sadek, at manoeuvres held this week to mark the 20th anniversary of the Egyptian revolution. (AP radiophoto)

Comment on the Soviet exodus from Egypt has been mainly concerned with Soviet-Egyptian relations, the future of the Soviet presence in the Middle East and speculation on probable American reactions. The writer DANIEL DISHON argues that the root causes and the significance of Sadat's decision to get rid of the Soviet advisers are to be sought in the Egyptian domestic scene.



Former President Nasser, right, with Sadat. "There was the feeling that Egypt was sliding back into that state of domination by an outside power from which Nasser had extricated her." (Camera Press)

THERE IS SOMETHING BEHIND IT ...

(which shouldn't be hidden)

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SOVIET EXODUS

THERE can be no doubt that the immediate causes of the Soviet-Egyptian disagreement (words like "rift" or "break" should be avoided, since they overstate the case) are connected with arms deliveries, or lack thereof; with Soviet attempts to attach conditions to the use of certain types of arms and with Soviet objections to warlike acts along the Suez Canal at the present time. Sadat has said as much and there is no reason to disbelieve him.

But things go deeper than that. The way the Soviets handled their relations with the Egyptians in all military matters — deliveries, training, advice — after the cease-fire of August 1970, in effect deprived Egypt of her military option. (This may never have been intended to be more than a threat, needed to gain what they wanted by means of military pressure. But when the threat lost its military credibility, it also lost its political effect. This in turn produced the situation of "no peace, no war" which Sadat has now vowed to end.)

The ill effects of the "no peace, no war" situation were expounded by Mohammed Hassanein Heykal, editor of "Al-Ahram," in a series of six articles in June and July (i.e. before the exodus). He described as a "crime" the way Egypt had been trapped in this situation. A great part of the series was devoted to the foreign policy aspects: how Israel was doing all she could to maintain that situation because it suited her perfectly; how the United States was backing her in this, because her interests, too, were best served by this twilight condition; how the Soviet Union, while perhaps not directly interested in a continuation of this state of affairs, was still not ready to do anything active to bring about its termination. Heykal went on to explain how Egypt thus found her freedom of action narrowly circumscribed and set forth his view that Egypt was obliged to "exercise her responsibility" by resuming complete freedom of decision — and that she was capable of doing so.

The 'new imperialists'

This brings us closer to the core of the problem. There was the feeling that Egypt was sliding back into that state of domination by an outside power from which Nasser had extricated her in the 'fifties. The Russians had come to be regarded as the "new imperialists," their presence a new occupation, their advice another form of humiliation.

It is significant and instructive that Sadat, in his address this week on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of Nasser's revolution, reminded his listeners of the slogan *jalla* — literally "evacuation," but with the overtone of "aidance" — the battle-cry of the late forties and early 'fifties, when Egypt's almost exclusive concern was to rid her territory of British forces and her regime of British influence.

The use of this term in a speech which Sadat wound up by explaining the reasons for sending

the Soviet advisers home speaks volumes. The associations thus evoked made it unnecessary to tell Egyptian listeners in so many words that the dismissal of the advisers was to be understood as an act of national deliverance.

To return to Heykal's series: the most revealing passage, tucked away among a great deal of verbiage, was the following:

"If the present situation (of no peace, no war) goes on, the impotence of the regime will be revealed and its inability to act on its promises will be shown up. A confidence gap will be created which will have immeasurable consequences — a confidence gap between the leadership and the base (i.e. the masses), between the army and the people, between the older generation and the younger one, between the information services and public opinion. All these gaps will form the abyss into which the entire Egyptian regime will sink" (author's italics).

Egyptian frustrations

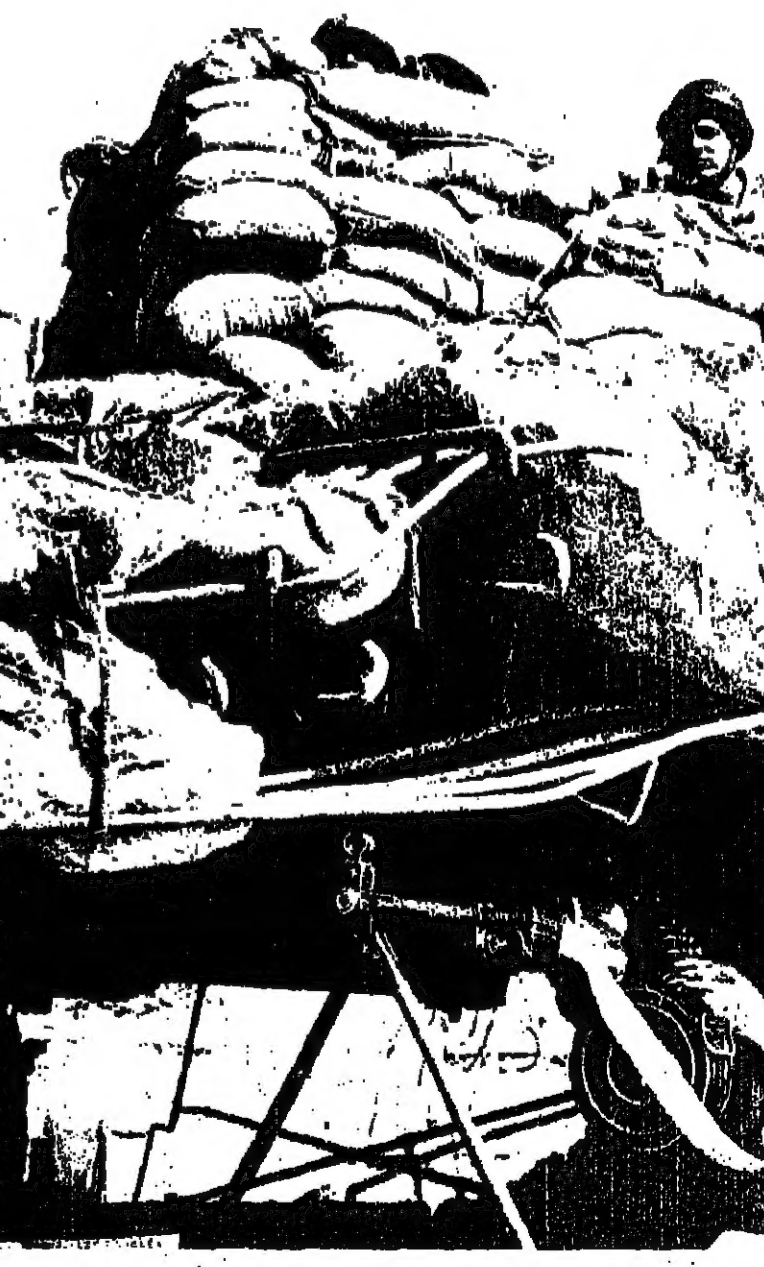
The frustration and the fears of Egyptian leaders could not be put more forcefully. It is a frustration much deeper than that born merely of the vagaries of Soviet-Egyptian relations or of the "crime" of no peace, no war. It has a great deal to do with the "post-Nasser blues": the disillusionment about almost every aspect of what were regarded as Nasser's achievements — as long as he was there to describe them as such. It has to do with the basic xenophobia of Egypt, where no foreign (non-Muslim) presence is ever really acceptable. It may also have something to do with the constant nagging voice from the side-lines of Libya's President Gaddafi, whose appeals for a fundamentalist Islam, for militancy against Israel and against all great-power involvement, strike a chord with many Egyptians.

It is a frustration that has bred a great deal of domestic opposition — more than ever existed under Nasser. In his speech this week, Sadat spoke of the danger of "turmoil and internal difficulties" — a most unusual admission in Egyptian politics.

The Egyptian opposition has no overt voice and it is therefore difficult to pin-point its components, name its leaders or define its aims. A tentative list might look like this:

- Right-wing circles which objected to close ties with the Soviet Union and desire greater liberalization in domestic policies. Their leaders are some of the surviving members of a group which helped Nasser to carry out the 1952 coup and formed the original Revolutionary Command Council. They include Zakariya Muhyl ad-Din and Abd al-Latif al-Baghdadi. Their appeals to Sadat for a change of course must have been common knowledge among Egypt's upper crust, otherwise Sadat would not have mentioned them.

(Continued on Page 8)



Egyptian soldiers during a training exercise. "The army has again become a political factor in Egypt."

The men against Sadat

(Continued from page 7)

dat would not have publicly mentioned them in his speeches in May.

A left-leaning group, probably still looking to Ali Sabri as their potential leader. These may no longer be as pro-Soviet as they used to be, but still believe in more nationalization, tighter economic planning and a much more decisive role for the Arab Socialist Union.

Amorphous groups of industrial workers and of students, each harbouring their particular grievances but having a common denominator in a general and ill-defined dissatisfaction with the regime's lack of decisiveness.

Religious extremists in various quarters probably drawing on former supporters of the Moslem Brethren. They too, equating Communism with atheism, object to Soviet influence. In a passage the like of which has not been heard in Egypt for decades, Sadat hinted at tensions between Moslems and Christians (i.e. the Coptic community, numbering at least three million members).

Some circles probably forming part of the intelligentsia, which are in favour of a negotiated settlement with Israel. Sadat acknowledged their existence

in a speech in May branding them as "defeatists."

Finally, there is the officer corps. One must be careful, it is true, not to imply that the officers form a group with clear-cut ideas and aims common to them all. Subalterns, field rank officers and generals are bound to differ on many points. But as a group they are the people most immediately, and most sorely, affected by the tutelage of Soviet advisers. The sigh of relief at the Russian departure — so clearly audible from Cairo this week — was undoubtedly most heartfelt on their part.

It must be borne in mind that the army — in particular its highest echelons — has again become a political factor in Egypt. Nasser managed to remove the officers as a group from the domestic political scene; but in May last year, when Sadat was preparing to face his political rivals and needed army support for the purpose, he had to re-admit the generals to the inner councils of the regime. Since then, he has consulted them frequently and has seen to it that these consultations were publicized so as to afford the generals all possible satisfaction. The fact that the War Min-

ister, General Sadek, eabled Sadat after the expulsion of the Soviet advisers to express the army's loyalty and appreciation, indicates the role the army leaders have assumed. Under Nasser, such a cable would have been regarded as intolerable insolence.

The expulsion of the advisers was to give some satisfaction to each of the groups listed above. It was meant to create an image of a strong regime, capable of decisive action at the right moment, afraid of no-one, under nobody's domination, master of its own fate and determined to keep its options open.

What, then, will be the effect of Sadat's step? Will it give him a new lease of political life? Will the opposition be quiescent? There is no reason to think so: after the immediate relief and exhilaration wear off, a new phase of disillusionment is sure to set in.

First of all, the present Russian exodus is no *fait accompli*. There is no telling just how many Rus-

sians are leaving Egypt and how many are staying behind. But there can be no doubt that a great many are remaining. We can distinguish between three elements of Soviet military personnel: those who dealt with Egyptian army affairs — advisers, instructors, experts and technicians; those who were there to serve purely Soviet interests — who fly and maintain the planes that follow the U.S. Sixth Fleet, and who service the Soviet navy in the Mediterranean; and those manning or supervising the anti-aircraft defences — missiles, guns and interceptor planes. The first group may be mostly on its way out; the second will certainly stay put. The third, there partly to help the Egyptians, partly to protect Soviet installations, is likely to be reduced but not completely withdrawn.

It will not take very long for the Egyptian political public to realize that not all the Russians have gone. The irritating effect of the Soviet presence, suppressed

for the moment by Sadat's high-handed action, will make itself felt again. So will the fact that the Egyptian war machine remains dependent on Russian supplies.

Secondly, Egypt's chances of breaking out of the no peace, no war stalemate will not become any better because some of the Russians are back home. As far as the prospect of a successful war is concerned, the chances will actually be less. As far as the prospects of peace are concerned, these depend not on the number of Soviet advisers but on a change in Egypt's approach towards Israel and towards the terms she would consider acceptable. Of such a change, Sadat has given no sign.

As likely as not, the no peace, no war situation will continue into the foreseeable future — granting that in the Middle East the foreseeable future is short. What its continuation might do to Sadat's regime need not be repeated; we have quoted Heykal for that.

Daniel Dillion is a Senior Research Associate at the Shalom Institute for Middle Eastern and African Studies at Tel Aviv University and editor of the "Middle East Record."

There is a strong likelihood that Western Europe, an emergent new superpower, will before long take over some of the dominant roles now played by

both the Soviet Union and the U.S. in the Middle East. This is the argument advanced by Dr. Gabriel Sheffer and Mr. Daniel Okef of Jerusalem's Van

Leer Institute. Their article was written before President Sadat's announcement of his decision to send home a large number of Soviet advisers.

Western Europe re-enters the Middle East

FOR quite some time now, the U.S. has felt that its major post-World War "protectors" — Western Europe and Japan — were not playing their proper role in the defence of the grand alliance that is sometimes known as the Free World. The Americans have been trying to prod these two emergent super-powers, grown so enormously rich and strong since 1945, into a greater sense of their respective responsibilities for their own defence. The Vietnam war undoubtedly accentuated the feeling — not only among the American public at large but also, though to a lesser degree, among policy-makers — that the U.S. was being made to bear too large a share of the common burden. The war forced a thorough re-examination of U.S. global strategy and commitments. The results, as embodied in the Nixon Doctrine, formed the background of the Soviet-American summit meeting last May.

as massive a scale as did the Russians. But this need not be a permanent state of affairs. In the long run, particularly as the Arab hope of annihilating Israel recedes, a European arms consortium would stand a good chance of obtaining a substantial share in the Arab market.

A European move in this direction in the Middle East, spearheaded by France, should lead to the super-powers' competing for Europe's favour, rather than opposing European ambitions in the area. Provided, of course, that the Europeans — especially the French — do not overplay

their hand, thus bringing on violent Soviet or American reactions.

In any case, it is obvious that Europe cannot for long suffer a foreign knife held so near its oil jugular. Nor can it allow its southern flank to be endangered for long without taking some action. Sooner or later, the sheer force of the European interest in the Middle East would cause the European powers to seek a new type of relationship with the countries of the

(Continued on page 29)

Parliamentary report

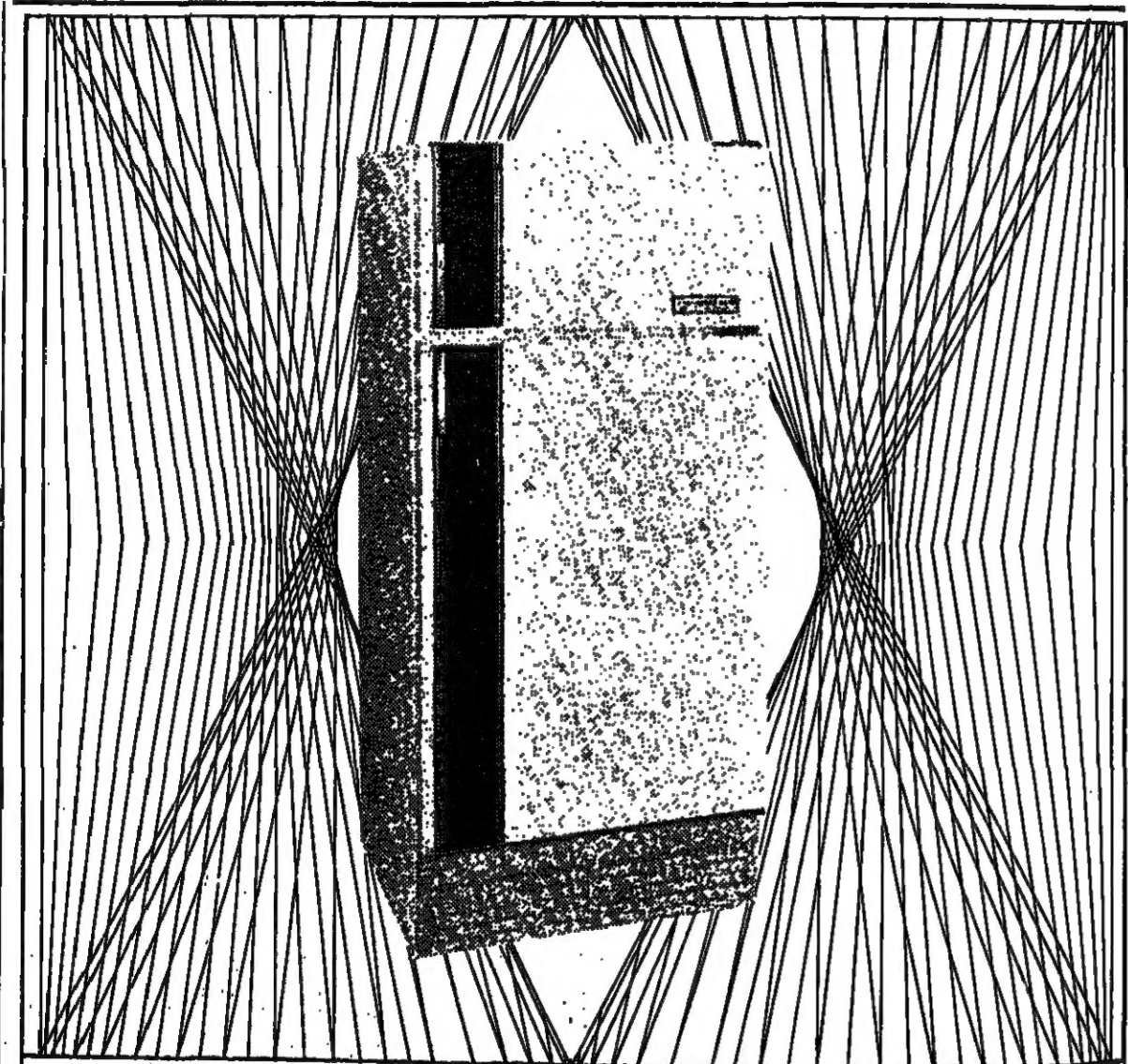
(Continued from page 8)

nor their actions ever suggested they were interested in peace.

Mr. Hazan's world is now far removed, even from the younger members of his party, who have had to fight against Soviet weapons too often. After this nostalgia for the Russians to be the Russians Mr. Hazan once knew, it was not surprising that he should also declare that Israel has no real interest in Sinai, that it was never Jewish land and that we should make the most of the present apparent flux and offer to return it, with some security reservations. Then, if nobody responded, we could always take the offer back. Which is just what we have done all

along, with the proviso that Israel retains control of Sharm el-Sheikh.

MRS. Meir said in her speech that our present good relations with the U.S. were due to a judicious combination of firmness on our needs and willingness for peace, while she also threw out once more a suggestion for direct talks of some kind. In addition to the Egyptians, the Russians and the French, who are all more or less agreed that direct talks are unfair to Sadat, she will now also have to take on the U.N. Secretary General, Dr. Waldheim, who has expressed the view that Israel should simply withdraw its forces.



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'Fortress America'

In urging Western Europe and Japan to fend for themselves, and to reduce their dependence on the U.S., Washington is, however, showing no intention of withdrawing into a "Fortress America." Indeed, it is arguable that the U.S. could not embrace neo-isolationism today without, as a result, sinking to the position of a second-rate power. And there is no evidence that any important political group in the U.S. entertains any such idea. America's global commitments may therefore be said to be inherent in America's status as a super-power. But the precise nature of the commitments has been undergoing a profound change.

Speaking of Japan, nearly a year ago, Under-Secretary of State V. Alexis Johnson said the U.S. should be prepared to treat that Asian country with the "consideration and respect that is appropriate to its status as a great power." He added pointedly, however, that "the Nixon Doctrine calls for a lower U.S. profile in Asia and assumes that regional powers (e.g., Japan) will tackle their own problems without extensive U.S. involvement."

Brussels agreement

These words may in the future apply equally well — if not more strongly — to united Western Europe, especially when the new Brussels free trade agreement comes into effect next January and makes the combined trading capacity of the 15 signatories twice as great as that of the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and Japan combined.

To be sure, asking "client" states to act independently inevitably carries its own hazards. The hazards should be less for the U.S. than they would have been for the Soviet Union, had it decided to give its satellites a free hand, but they are nevertheless quite real. By holding back from any attempt to remake its allies in its own political image — let alone under its direct rule — the U.S. managed in the past, to avoid the kind of violent rift which occurred between the Soviets and the Chinese. But even the U.S. has never

Vital interests

The Middle East is close enough to Western Europe, and Western Europe has interests vital enough in the Middle East, to warrant a cautious European attempt to replace both the U.S. and the Soviet Union in the area — or at least to use the area as a lever for Europe's entry into the super-power club. Their critical stake in Middle Eastern oil alone might cause a number of European powers to concert their policies behind such a move, even though they might disagree on a host of other issues.

Super-powers by their very nature seek spheres of influence, and the Middle East is a natural extension of the European security system. Within this extension, the combined interest and influence of all European states already outweighs the seemingly powerful, yet ephemeral, Soviet presence.

West preferred

For the moment, it is true, the Russians may be enjoying a significant edge in two important fields — in the provision of armaments and in political control. It is not widely realized, however, that, impressive as Soviet arms supplies to Egypt, Syria and Iraq may be in sheer quantity, other Middle Eastern states have preferred to buy Western arms rather than to obtain Soviet hardware, which is by no means free even if they do not pay the full value.

Arab recipients of the Soviet arms bounty have, moreover, been somewhat less than enthusiastic about its practical usefulness. The Arab debacle in the Six Day War was itself blamed — none too justly — on the poor quality of the Russian arms wielded by Egyptian and Syrian warriors. The Kremlin's reaction to what it viewed as a libellous campaign was swift and furious, and the voices of the self-serving Arab critics were muted from then on. But from the Arab viewpoint, it could even be argued that, since Soviet arms failed to assure Israel's destruction, the Arabs need not pay the exorbitant political price of Soviet aid — and continue to submit to Soviet political control.

True, no other power would — or, for that matter, could — replace the arms lost by the Arabs in June, 1967, on

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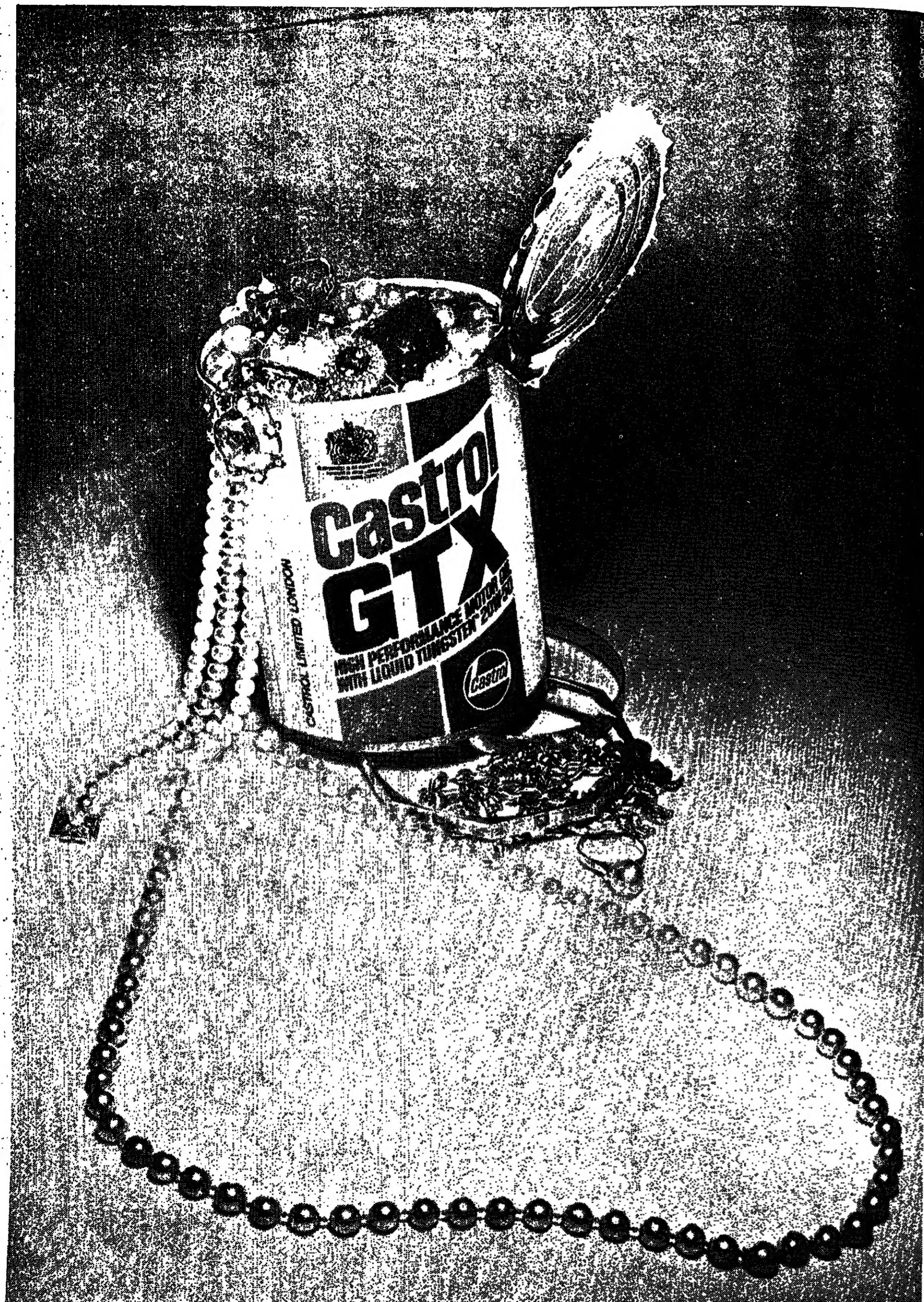
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Baruch Hochman tells the story of a play in search of a producer. The work, by Gabriel Dagan, an Israeli who was in Auschwitz, left an audience stunned when it had a reading in Tel Aviv re-

cently. Reflecting on the play — and a discussion which followed — Hochman says that any glimpse of the reality of the Holocaust is more than people can bear.

DODGING THE REALITY OF AUSCHWITZ

ON the eve of Holocaust Day this year, an auditorium full of people, including 100 officers of the I.D.F. Staff College, gathered at Tsavta, an *avant garde* theatre in Tel Aviv, to hear a reading of "The Reunion," a play that dealt with aspects of the Holocaust and people's response to it. The play was by Gabriel Dagan, an immigrant from Czechoslovakia, who is also an "Auschwitz graduate."

The play, which is called "The Reunion," had originally been written, in English, during the war created by Hanna Arendt's "Eichmann in Jerusalem." It was meant to confront Arendt with what Dagan thought was her insensitivity to the human side of the Holocaust. In fact it not only pilloried the Arendts and the Bettelheims who presumed to judge those who underwent its horrors, but the essential difficulties of confronting those horrors in any way.

From the first, producers, directors and publishers praised it, insisting that it was a good, worthy and necessary play. But it had never been produced. Only after the issue had been aired in "Ha'aretz," did the Army Broadcasting Service decide that it would serve for broadcast on Holocaust Day. So the Tsavta reading was arranged, to be followed by a symposium.

Theatrical coup

The reading was a theatrical coup. Taut, dramatic, provocative, the play left the audience stunned. But the drama of the play was eclipsed by the further drama of the discussion. The audience, or at least the articulate part of it, had utterly missed the point, and instantly re-enacted the issues of the play by asking questions Dagan meant to make it impossible for anyone ever to ask again. In doing so, it illuminated the question of why so good a play as "The Reunion" had never got a proper hearing, and why it may conceivably never get one.

The play focuses on Peter Stone, an Israeli, a play-wright of world renown. He has

been struggling to write a play on his experiences at Auschwitz, where his parents and most of his relatives had perished. His immediate motive in writing is to show an uncle of his, who had spent the war years comfortably in America, why it was that — in the uncle's phrase — "people could be led like sheep to the slaughter." Peter can't write the play. Instead he arranges to meet in Amsterdam, where his uncle lives, with three of his friends, who had also been in Auschwitz, including his cousin Martha, and to stage a real-life play that would show his Uncle Arthur why people indeed did not fight back.

Uncle Arthur is to be invited to a "family reunion" in Peter's hotel, and there he is to be subjected to a lightning replay of the Nazi occupation. Arthur is to be taken into "custody," stripped of his clothes, dressed in concentration camp uniform, and — in return for the dinner assurance that his life will not be immediately taken — browbeaten into making his property over to the Nazis.

Hoax works

The hoax works, and Arthur is seen capitulating to Karl, one of Peter's Auschwitz friends, who plays an S.S. officer. Things take a bad turn, however, when Martha, a cousin of Peter's and niece of Arthur's, cracks. A haunted woman who has never really managed to make a life for herself, Martha has reluctantly agreed to collaborate in the hoax as a favour to Peter. Once dressed up as a concentration camp inmate, and forced to undergo a mock-heating by Karl, she begins to take the illusion for the reality. Hysterical, Martha casts back to Auschwitz, which has haunted her throughout the years. She "becomes" a girl of eight, "recognising" in Arthur her own father, whom she had seen on his way to the gas chambers — and desperately tries to stop what she knows must inevitably happen.

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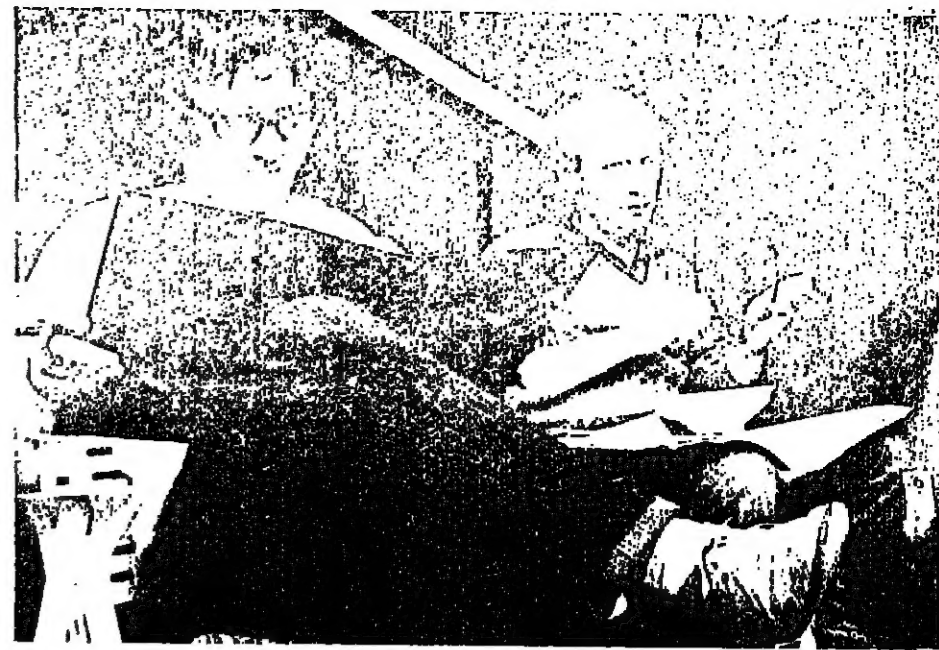
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Smug and genial

But it was not only Arthur who was unmasked. As "The Reunion" pressed toward its grim climax, Peter and his cronies were probed as well. Harsh and impatient, Peter judges himself as Arthur judges him, and needs to live through his own humiliation by inflicting it on Arthur. Karl, smug and seemingly genial, finally identifies with his tormentor, as he must have in the camps; he plays the S.S. officer so well because he enjoys playing him.

Eddy, Peter's second crony, seems at peace with his past, happy with his role as psychiatrist who puts others at peace with their past. But he too, though reluctantly, seems to need to resurrect the unspeakable Auschwitz experience, perhaps to make real what has been repre-



The author of "The Reunion," Gabriel Dagan, right, with Hillel Ne'eman, who directed the play.



Actors Yitzhak Halkiah, Shlomo Bar-Shavit, Shoshana Duor, Zalman Levjush.

sented, unresolved, in himself. Martha participates under pressure from Peter, but she too is impelled by her entanglement with her undigested past, by the need to torture herself by reliving the helplessness in which she saw her father go to his death. But beyond that, she seems childishly still to believe in magic to hope that the dead can be brought back, the past redeemed, so that Arthur can be her dead father, and that through him she can relieve the horror of the loss and the hope of repairing the loss.

What is true of Martha seems true of them all. For various reasons they all crave another chance. They would like somehow to have the irrecoverable chance to act against their tormentors, or to assuage the guilt of both having failed to act and failed to die.

Compulsion to tell

The exploration of motives was the more staggering because it was achieved as dramatic revelation, without manifest psychologizing. But the play's power stemmed from the fact that the compulsion to tell was revealed as not merely psychological. At one level, the need to "show" Arthur (and to show him up) becomes a metaphor for the universal compulsion to inflict our suffering on others, to reach them through it. At another level, it is seen as the urgent need, and the legitimate (if also the problematical) one, to tell about Auschwitz, and at all the horror it involved. And by virtue of being about Auschwitz, it challenged us to reconsider how adequate our ways of talking about Auschwitz, or for that matter about anything, may be.

And the power of that challenge sprang in part from the unresolvedness of the issues confronted in the play itself. Between Peter and Arthur there was no clear choice, so that there could therefore be no catharsis, no resolution or reconciliation of the issues that the play generated. "The Reunion"

confronts us, not with two rights, but with two partial wrongs. Unpurged, unable to sort out the rights and wrongs of the harrowing case, it seemed natural that the audience should have been stunned.

So charged were the issues, so unrelieved the feelings, that it was hard to imagine how discussions would begin. Yet the peculiar combination of crude power and subtle issues made one look forward to an exploration of what the play was saying, and why it was saying it. First there was the moderator, an historian and archivist. He said that of course the play was valuable, and right in posing the question of what the Holocaust has done to us, and of how people had managed to live through the Holocaust at all. He proposed the possibility that people survived the horror by believing that what they knew was inevitable was not inevitable for them, as individuals. For himself, however, the most important question was not what the Holocaust did to us, the Jews, but what it did to the civilization that perpetrated it. How could the great humanistic civilization of Western Europe assimilate the monstrous thing it had spawned?

A straight-shooter

Undoubtedly a good question, but hard to relate to what the play had manifestly been about. The audience, caught up in the tensions of the play, could hardly stay in their seats.

The next speaker fixed it there. He came straight to the point, straight-shooter that he was. The play was indeed impressive, he said. But it was also "anti-pedagogic," because it showed the victim being victimized. Was this something to show the youth? For them, the real question to be confronted was — why did so many Jews let themselves be led as sheep to the slaughter? The speaker didn't, as it happens, say "as sheep to the slaughter." He cited the line uttered by the cap-

(Continued on next page)

Handwritten text in the bottom right corner, possibly a date or page number: 1972/7/28

'As sheep to the slaughter'

(Continued from previous page)

ive Samson in the Bible as he pulled down the pillars of the temple, killing himself and his captors: "Let me die with Philistines." That is the "constructive" Israeli equivalent of "sheep to the slaughter."

It took the wind out of you, after the moderator's intellectualizing evasions, to hear Arthur speaking out of the mouth of this strapping army officer. It was still more breathtaking to have his view picked up and echoed by others in the audience.

Turning away wrath

The moderator, as if sensing uneasiness in the auditorium turned to the playwright for response. Dagan turned to "a friend" in the audience, asked him to field the question. Dr. Brill, who rose to speak, is a dignified, mild-mannered psychiatrist, and he spoke softly, in the way that turns away wrath. Brill wondered whether generalization was appropriate to such questions as were under discussion, to the experience of those who lived through the Holocaust. He himself had talked to thousands of survivors, and the most striking thing about them was the fact that no two of them suffered — or for that matter rejoiced — alike. Each of them demanded a unique effort to attention and understanding, without reference to prior categories of judgment. In his quiet way, Brill made it clear that neither "sheep" nor "Samson" were relevant here.

Playwright thanked

Brill was touching, and he seemed to have turned the tide. When the first speaker took the floor again, his gutturals were slurred, his manner muted. Still, he wondered why we would not think of letting our souls go down with the Philistines? Mostly, though — he wanted to be very clear about this — he felt urgent about thanking the playwright for the experience afforded him. So did everyone else. They all expressed gratitude to the playwright, to the director, to the actors, for what they had been "given." There was much pity, much gratitude for having been shown what it was like to live through the Holocaust, for having been "given" its experience!

It was quite shocking, the lip service to what the play wasn't about, almost as shocking as the unreflecting, seemingly universal adoptions of Arthur's stance. It was, in many ways, a distressing evening. Afterwards, Dagan told his friends how pleased he was to see that his play had jelled so well. As to whether it would, in fact, be produced — as for his perplexities being up? He doubted it. The truth, he held, was that Israelis, and possibly everyone else, do not want to hear about the Holocaust. Most people pay lip service to it, and then only when it is encountered in the most stylized, most conventionalized terms: of the Anne Frank

clique, of the pathetic but life-filled girl who was tragically killed, or of the Resistance clique, or the heroic groups and individuals who fought back against hopeless odds. Any glimpse of the hideous reality — of what most people who lived through the Nazi nightmare underwent — any glimpse of that reality, however oblique, is more than people will bear. Israelis, like everyone else, bridle at exposing themselves to the narcissistic wound incurred by contemplating the Holocaust in its human dimension.

It would, of course, be a sign of radical sanity — especially here in Israel, where there are probably almost as many angry brooders on what they suffered in the Holocaust as deniers of it — if a good, strong, cliché-challenging play like "The Reunion" can get the hearing it deserves. And it probably will, eventually. But even when it does, the ultimate irony is that it is hard to imagine its having any substantial impact on the prevailing stage of consciousness — that is, of essential oblivion — with regard to the Holocaust, any impact of the sort Dagan, in his hopeful moment, aspires toward. As Dagan intimated after the reading, popular culture necessarily deals with the horror by failing to confront its realities. To stress either the heroism of the resisters or the utter passivity of those who "were led like sheep" is to efface the human dimensions of the struggle of those who were caught in the nightmare, and to block out the human suffering of those who were neither collaborators nor heroes: that is, of the majority of those who did their best to cling to their human dignity in the midst of what is probably the greatest horror in human history.

Dagan's attitude to the problem of confronting the Holocaust springs from the conviction that people have refused to engage with the sheer humanity of the Holocaust victim because they are unable to face the degradation involved. That degradation is epitomized by the evidence of how "low" people can be brought, even when they struggle, without moral taint or blemish. To start with people rather than with victims (cattle, "sheep") or heroes is to be forced to recognize our kinship with them, and the fact — brutally brought home to Arthur in "The Reunion," that there, but for the grace of God go I.

In effect, Dagan is finally asking us to face the root reality, to live out in consciousness the concrete horror of a reality we have striven to repress. He is asking us to forgo the solace offered by all the "mythic" distortions that help us to digest it, but not face it. Human history has not lacked for horrors, but these seem always to have been incorporated into consciousness in forms that defend us from the literal particularities of the horror, but still more from its potential

meaninglessness, which is perhaps the hardest thing of all to accept. It is more comfortable to think of Attila as the scourge of God than as a "random" event, or to comfort oneself with the Mid-rashic notion that "on the day the Temple was destroyed, the Messiah (redeemer) was born," than to accept the exercise of force and the "suffering" that follows from it. With regard to the Holocaust, the same problem that confronts theologians — how could God have let it happen? — confronts the secular consciousness, at its most pedestrian and unreflecting: what kind of world is this, in which gratuitous horror runs rampant and on such a scale?

At the same time "The Reunion" raises the question whether the very effort to convey that human reality is in itself not a form of lunacy, whether it is not the enactment of the very

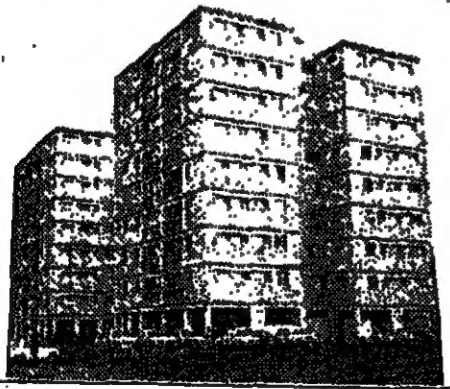
blindness and fear that make non-victims, like Arthur, sidestep confrontation with victims, like Martha and Peter. Dagan turns the cutting edge of his integrity, which makes demands of those who did not undergo the Holocaust, on himself, as one who stresses the elements common to both the insiders and the outsiders, insisting on both sides, examination on both sides. He takes a stand for a normative vision of the nightmare — a non-heroic, unposturing one, that grants, with an almost Dostoevskian nakedness, the full possibility of a horrible and meaningless world.

It is this stark insistence on the possibility of an absurd, dehumanizing world, undignified by the existentialist sublimation of absurdity, that has militated against the play's production so far, and that will blunt its edge

when it is performed. Dagan, finally, asks us to face reality, and — as any number of poets have told us in the past century — man seems able to take only so much reality. Perhaps the final irony of this play, and its search for a production, is that it raises so many unanswerable questions beyond the confines of its manifest themes. One of those questions is whether — given its limits and the limits of its audience — it can really confront us with the questions it implies. That "The Reunion" has not yet been produced is a measure of the power avoidance-pattern that has crystallized with regard to these questions. Will its production do anything to change that pattern? Unlikely, as I presume Dagan fears at the bottom of his soul. Still, it would be well if it had a hearing. And if more people than those who gathered at Teavta that evening had the chance to "get" — or not to get — Dagan's essential point, even to be infuriated by it. That may at least provide a beginning.

Baruch Hochman is a professor in the English Department at the Hebrew University.

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THE SCHOLAR AS AN ISRAELI

TODAY, when criticism from without and voices from within cast shadows on certain aspects of the Israeli state and society, it seems to me that these very shadows serve to throw into relief, points of light which one would hardly look for in any other polity.

There are few, perhaps even no other societies in which academic people feel so involved in and responsible for the public weal in the widest sense of the term, whether it is in relation to emerging patterns of culture, to social stratification or to problems of economy and education. There are few societies in which people volunteer so many services to the community, devote so much time, energy and thought to it, because of their feeling of identification and responsibility.

Prestige

Conversely, it would be difficult to find a society in which scientists and scholars enjoy as much prestige as in our country. Whether one attributes this to the traditional Jewish respect for the learned, or an expression of the inherent urge to acquire knowledge, the fact remains that the scholar or scientist feels himself to be in a propitious framework of existence and enjoys appreciation outside his own scholarly circles in addition to the satisfaction he derives from serving a cause.

In this connection, I would like to quote a phrase from the Prime Minister's speech during a commemoration service for the late Aharon Katzir in Palestine, she said about some young scientists: "They felt Palestine to be too small and went to seek their future in the great world. Alas, there, in the great world, they remained small." Even today we may not have all the facilities of the great laboratories and the famous libraries of Eu-

rope or the U.S.A. We live in a permanent battle of wits with our budgets and time schedule, but the scholarly inquiry has, in this country, an extra dimension: the dimension of belonging, belonging to a community which, elaborating on old forms, rebuilds its identity and struggles for its own hierarchy of values, and — as Jews — proudly struggles for a place on the international map of achievements.

The recipients of the Rothschild Prizes represent, in a sense, a cross-section of the scholarly and scientific work done in this country: life sciences, nuclear physics, agricultural economy, Semitic linguistics and history. Surely there is no common denominator for their individual interests. And yet, if I am not wrong, they have something in common, and that is that they approach their particular areas of study from a Jewish or Israeli perspective.

Not poor relations

The study of nature for the glory and knowledge of the Creator, as formulated by Jewish sages of old, is metamorphosed into the study of physics and biology for the understanding of man, space and the cosmos.

In linguistics we are no longer the poor relations admitted to the table of the mighty. The miraculous revival of Hebrew has not only rendered it a fully-fledged member of the family of living languages; the study of it and its related languages reminds one of the fervour of the Renaissance scholars who pounced on Greek and Latin antiquities. Israel is today in the forefront of linguistic strategy.

Agricultural economy, more Israeli than any other of our scholarly interests, is at the same time the nursery of ideas to be transplanted under different skies for the benefit of those in need of help and

Professor Yehoshua Praver was among five Israeli scientists and scholars awarded a Rothschild Prize this week. Here he discusses the special role of the Jewish people in the search for knowledge.



allows me, looking back, to take stock of the years that have passed. If they were filled with work and study, it was in no small measure due to financial help as well as to moral encouragement.

For all of us the award of a Rothschild Prize is an accolade, the symbolic act of entrance into the estate of knighthood or an order of merit. We understand it — and I am sure I speak for everybody — as having a dual meaning: appreciation of work done and encouragement for the future.

Professor Praver, a historian, is at the Hebrew University. His comments were made at the prize-giving ceremony this week.

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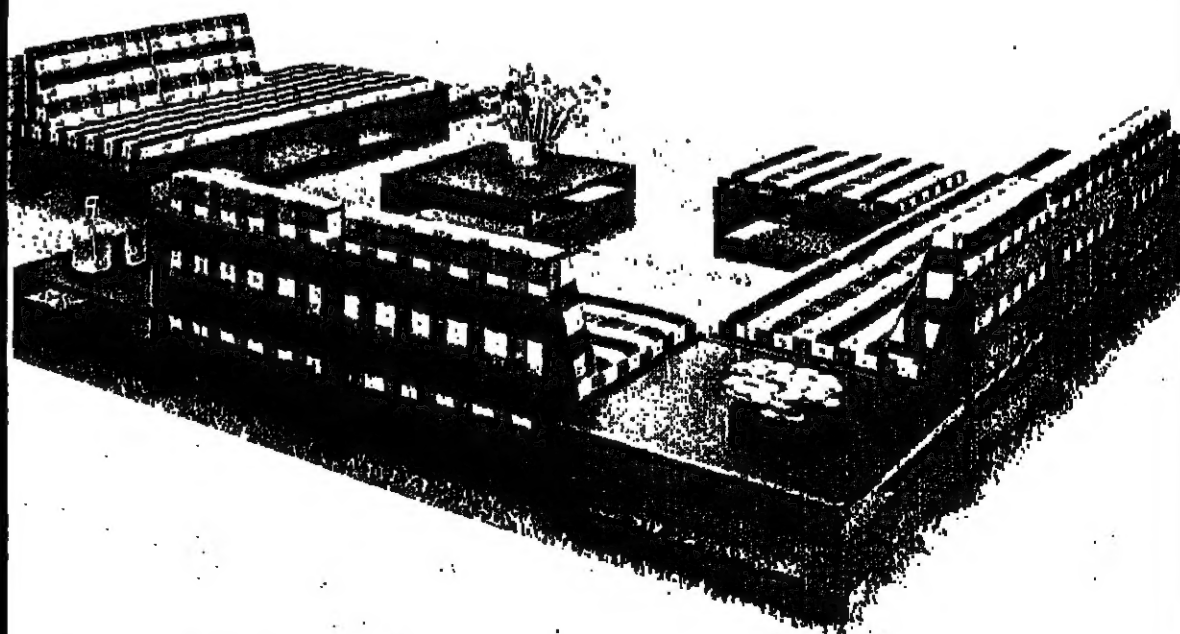
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ROMAN CATHOLIC BERRIGAN MADE RELIGION REVOLUTIONARY



Daniel Berrigan (right), together with his brother Rev. Philip Berrigan (left) and lawyer William Kunstler at the trial in Chicago of "The Harrisburg Seven."

A few months ago, Daniel Berrigan, a poet and Jesuit priest, was paroled from the Federal Penitentiary in Danbury, Connecticut, where he had been imprisoned for taking draft files from the Selective Service office in Catonsville, Maryland, throwing blood on them and burning them with homemade napalm. Daniel Berrigan was one of nine who committed and stood trial for this act. His brother, Philip, also a priest and Daniel's avowed "radicalizer" and mentor in this extreme measure to protest against America's role in the Vietnam War, is still serving sentence.

Even before the burning of the draft files which put him on the front pages, Daniel Berrigan's writings, his poetry and strong, metaphorical essays many of which can be found in "No Bars to Manhood" and the more aphoristic "Consequences: Truth And..." bore testimony to his radical religious sensibility.

Twentieth-century presuppositions about the archaism of religion have made us suspicious about such a sensibility. Because religion is based on the idea of a continuing tradition, it is assumed that it is threatened by any change in the society and should be identified with the forces of reaction in a country. And there are certainly enough examples that bear this out. But such assumptions about the reactionary character of religion ignore religion's role as "conscience to society." They ignore the tension in religion between the spiritual and the institutional and traditions that embody the spiritual. They forget that ideally, religious institutions come to perpetuate the "numinous" in human forms and not to perpetuate themselves, a pitfall which frequently aligns religious institutions with other Establishment institutions alien to the religious spirit.

The conservative stigma attached to religion is also paradoxical in light of the basically radical nature of religious experience. As social radicalism means getting to the root of the evil in society and changing society in a basic way to eliminate the evil, the essence of religious experience is the possibility of the transformation of man's soul. The concept of *Teshuva* (repentance, or, more literally, return) in the Jewish tradition and, more generally, the concepts of personal and communal revelation presume a radical overthrow of one state for another, and make one wonder whether "revelation" and "revolution" are as far apart as experience has led us to believe.

The ideal
None the less, traditionally, religion has presumed a given ideal of good to which the soul is transformed. As radical as the religious experience might be, the "forms of good" do not change, the ideal of

NO BARS TO MANHOOD by Daniel Berrigan, New York, A Bantam Book published by arrangement with Doubleday & Co. 202 pp. \$3.95.
CONSEQUENCES: TRUTH AND... by Daniel Berrigan, S.J. New York, Macmillan, 128 pp. \$1.45.
THE GEOGRAPHY OF FAITH by Daniel Berrigan, S.J. and Robert Coles. Boston, Beacon Press, 178 pp. \$2.95.

Reviewed by
Rochelle Furstenberg

In common with the violence and hate that galvanize American institutions.

"So living, you rejoice in your god, who is a strange being indeed — strangely American, strangely white, strangely affluent, strangely racist, strangely violent, strangely wedded to the powers that devour the poor, neglect the needy and imprison the resistor. And yet, and yet, the true God judges you and me and your works, O am God Almighty; you shall not have strange gods before Me."

The problem of determining what remains constant in religion throughout the generations, the problem of separating the role of tradition from that of inspiration, is one that confronts the traditional Jew as well. And his attitude toward this issue will determine how much ground he can find in common with Berrigan. The idea of a "continuing revelation" is not foreign to Judaism: Moses promises the Jews before his death that God will maintain Prophets in the midst of the Jewish People who will carry on in his task. Indeed, Berrigan and other religious radicals draw a great deal on the Jewish Prophets, nourishing on the example, inspiration, and temperament of the Prophetic tradition, the latter implying that religion is not a closed book.

Forms of evil
Extending this one finds that there might be room for a kind of radicalism, and even a model for radicalism, within a traditional Jewish framework. For a new element has entered the "forms of evil" of modern society. In their day, the Prophets addressed themselves to the individual, often prominent individuals, for the responsibility for evil lay with the individual. But what happens, as in our day, when the "forms of evil" go beyond the individual and involve the structure of society? Perhaps the Prophet has to preach more radical change. Perhaps in our complex, modern society, where we have new, more abstract "forms of evil," where the technological and bureaucratic character of society has suffused the evil through every layer of life to the point that it is hard to say who is responsible for the evil, change — in order to do the Prophet's job of routing out the whole society as well as the individual.

Anti-Establishment
By ignoring or opposing the institutional aspects of his Catholic tradition, Daniel Berrigan expresses a religious anti-establishmentism very much in the spirit of today's youth, who are suspicious of institutions and laws. He seems to advocate continuous revelation" as a concept of action, perhaps analogous to Mao's "continuous revolution" when he opposes what he refers to as that which would "put a stultifying in spontaneous human joy... a thing in the Jewish tradition and, more generally, the concepts of personal and communal revelation presume a radical overthrow of one state for another, and make one wonder whether "revelation" and "revolution" are as far apart as experience has led us to believe.

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blood, the homemade napalm used in the action, the trial and jail sentences they underwent seem almost reminiscent of the symbolic actions of the Prophets whose every nuance reverberated with a message. It is of course through Jesus that Berrigan approaches the Biblical Prophets, for as he says the Prophets, were Jesus "strong meat." The Prophets who "summoned the leaders of Israel to judgment again and again... were the voice of God outraged, the voice of the poor violated... It was such nourishment as this that fed the mind of Christ as He took His destiny in hand." And Jesus is finally Berrigan's main source of discipline. In order to fulfill this discipline — to follow Jesus — Berrigan too must be powerless and aligned with the powerless. He must disobey the civil authorities. It is almost a self-fulfilling prophecy for Daniel Berrigan to be brought to trial and imprisoned for burning draft cards. For as he says in "No Bars to Manhood":

"We are offered during the trial of Jesus an example that reappears constantly and mysteriously throughout history... That is to say, the truth is never itself apart from the conditions of witness: to be itself the truth must be summoned to accounting by the powers and dominations (my emphasis). It must endure trials... The issue is met when one testifies under pressure amid danger to the sovereignty of a truth he does not claim or pre-empt but that literally possesses him."

So in his powerlessness, his trial and civil disobedience, Berrigan sees himself as following Jesus' example, which in turn he sees as following in the tradition of the Jewish Prophets.

Happy at odds
But there is a significant difference between Berrigan and the Biblical Prophets. They begged God not to send them to rebuke the people. They were perhaps too much at one with their communities. Daniel Berrigan, it seems, is only too happy to be at odds with the society. Nourished by the sense of camaraderie with their non-violent radicals and heir, as we all are in some degree, to the Roman tradition of the individual fighting against society, it is hard at times to attain the Prophetic voice of righteousness without sounding self-righteous. In Berrigan's essays in "No Bars to Manhood" and even in the earlier "Consequences: Truth And..." the radical wind of the times has given his rhetoric a richness and sense of urgency that does not seem to exist in earlier essays. Even when the thrust is the same.

But in these books one can also, at times, discern the self-satisfied sense of shared righteousness common to many New Left radicals, with the accompanying disdain for the rest of America. This does not necessarily imply that Daniel Berrigan is personally self-righteous (many of those who know him personally testify that the opposite is the case), but rather that inherent in his embattled, Christian Prophetic position is an element of self-righteousness.

"Conversations between Daniel Berrigan and Robert Coles" recorded in "The Geography of Faith" took place while Berrigan was underground before his arrest, running from the FBI, yet popping up here and there to preach, to talk on campuses, going from family to family, state to state, to "hear witness," as he said, until he was caught, "had to be caught" by FBI agents pretending to be bird watchers on an island where he was staying with some friends. These underground meetings, the spivak patterned after the Prophets' the

The psychiatrist

Robert Coles is a child psychiatrist who went South in the early days of school integration to study how it affected Blacks and Whites. Over the years he has continued to study the poor of the country, Black and White, whether in Appalachia or in Boston. He comes, it seems, with a great compassion for all groups of Americans struggling with the limitations of their society, with the limitations of the human condition. He is impatient with the negative categorizing and stereotyping that radicals and well-paid social scientists apply to blue-collar workers, policemen, etc. He does not, as Berrigan, align himself with one group, the radicals, and Prophet-like exhort the government to change.

Their differences might be underscored in a small example: Berrigan feels that White man is corrupted, and that Ho Chi Minh and Stokely Carmichael, given the power of White America, would have used it differently. Coles, although particularly sensitive to the suffering of the Black man, questions whether the Black man's skin colour can redeem him "from the bitterness, the meanness man is heir to."

THE ways of English education are wonderful. When I was a schoolgirl, Coppard was part of the "good" literature we were supposed to appreciate and which would, our teachers hoped, refine and uplift our taste. But most of his stories went completely over my head. Now, reading this selection from his large output, I can understand why. It is true that some of the stories are fairly innocuous. One of them, his most famous, "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me," a sort of poetic science-fiction in which a man is given a glimpse into his future, was, I suppose, all right for 12-13-year-old schoolgirls, containing nothing that could conceivably affect anyone's morals adversely, but most of them are very strong stuff indeed.

Coppard is a master story-teller. His tales are set at the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century, but they are timeless. And strangely enough, in spite of the tragedy implicit in many of them, they have that essential component of great literature — they produce a kind of catharsis. We accept the tragedy as inevitable, part of the natural order of things. Death, disaster happen to all of us as they do to Coppard's characters, but we go on living, even enjoying life. The strongest element in his work is his inextinguishable roots in the natural world. Most of the stories are set in the countryside, against the seasonal cycle, pastoral preoccupations, village folk, and it is this that gives them, above all else, their ability to console. Most modern stories are pessimistic and we are left exactly where we started, with an almost nihilistic view of life, neither richer nor wiser for what we have read. Coppard knows better.

The stories can be deceptive. Some seem mere anecdotes like "Mordcaai and Cocking," about two farm

THINGS WERE TOO GOOD TO LAST

MORDECAI Richter, a Canadian Jewish writer, first attracted attention with his novel, "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz." It was a readable book, but somehow it misfired. It didn't seem to say anything new. A few books later came "Cockleuro," which won a prize. It contained some very funny scenes, and successfully sank up progressive, education and politics, but still left one dissatisfied.

With "St. Urbain's Horseman," Richter has come into his own, demonstrating a sure touch, an inventive structure, and some of the funniest pages of writing I have ever read. The book's protagonist is Jacob Hersk, a fairly successful Canadian film director living in London. He is happily married to his gentle wife, and the couple have three children. Despite a house in Hampstead, plenty to eat and drink, an interesting job and a fulfilled family life, Jake is worried. In a peculiarly Jewish way, he expects retribution hourly: "Why am I being allowed to enjoy myself?" he asks, scanning the surrounding woods for advancing Nazi storm troopers, searching the grass for poisonous snakes and raking the skies for falling planets.

And Jake is right: retribution is on the way, in the guise of an Old Bailey trial for Sodomy and Indecent Assault of a German au pair girl. Things look bad for Jake. When the police search his house and find, in the attic, a riding crop and saddle, together with a ludicrous film script, "The Good Britons," which supposes a German victory in World War II, how can he be keeping the equestrian equipment for cousin Joey, the "Horseman" of the title, who exists in his imagination as a sort of Super-Jew, pursuing the infamous Doktor Mengele in the Paraguayan outback? Joey is an obsession with Jake and one of the most successful features of the novel is the way that author Richter allows us to understand Jake's obsession, while showing what a worthless character the real Joey is. As an uncle puts it: "If he does find Mengele, he won't kill him, he'll blackmail him."

To reveal the result of the trial and the resolution of the plot would be to spoil this eminently readable book. What can be said is that Richter confronts many of the problems facing a humanistic middle-aged Jew in the world of today: "He would have been willing to vote for the legalisation of pot,

ST. URBAIN'S HORSEMAN

by Mordecai Richter. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £2.50.

Reviewed by
Daniel Gavron

but he couldn't feel that a sixteen-year-old was deprived if he lacked for a pack of Acapulco gold. He was against puritan repression, for fucking, but not necessarily on stage... he didn't think it was a work of universal love, when students tore a professor's work of twenty years to shreds... he didn't want Molly (his daughter) to feel a wall-flower, if at fourteen she didn't submit to a gang bang... "This is Jake's generation (and I admit my own) 'squeezed between the old and resentful have-everything and the young know-nothing'."

Very near the knuckle; but I laughed even louder at Richter's marvellous evocation of the Jew's eye view of the Goy. First his own wife, who has just displayed a superior knowledge of gardening matters: "Bloody shikias... Ontario hick, you don't know the Holy One's Secret Name, the sayings of Rabbi Akiba, or how to exorcise a dybbuk, but you would know that sort of crap."

Or Jake's solicitor, Ormsby-Fletcher, "railed on the King James version, lemon squash, 'Tom Brown's Schoolday's,' hamsters from Harrod's pet shop, Daddy's Ceylon tea shares..."

There is Derek Burton, suitor of Jake's wife Nancy before their marriage; who "did not instantly sink to the sofa, kicking off his shoes, but remained standing until she had sat down... drove an Austin-Healey with a leather steering wheel... there were no apple cores in the ashtray, or stale hags in the glove compartment." He parked his car "with-out cursing the car in front of him, or behind, in Yiddish."

Perhaps best of all, Jake's gardener "with a hound's nose for class distinctions, he immediately smelt out the urban rat in Jake, Nuncy, polished and knowledgeable, the beautiful countrywoman fallen into the hairy Jew's grasp, he truly revered and constantly deferred to."

From the assorted gems, I offer a final picture of Jake, guiltily shopping for Christmas, demanding Norfolk-bred turkey and Yorkshire ham from Harrods, "but the smoked salmon, an ecumenical concession, came from Cohens, and once more Jake insisted on chopped liver as well, justly stinging Adon Olam in the kitchen, as he wielded his chopper."

THE Street: A Memoir is a slight book. The publisher seems to have intended to cash in on the success of "St. Urbain's Horseman" by stringing together a number of articles previously published elsewhere about St. Urbain street, Montreal. Quite fun, but confusing. I am not clear whether the memoir is Richter's or Hersk's. Sometimes it seems to be one thing, sometimes the other. Daddy Kravitz makes a reappearance in both these volumes. If "The Street" is indeed a factual memoir and Duddy a real person, why haven't we heard anything about a Hbel suit?

OLD MASTER RIDES AGAIN

A.E. COPPARD: SELECTED STORIES, with an Introduction by Doris Lessing, London, Jonathan Cape, 276 pp. £2.50.

Reviewed by
Aviva Even-Paz

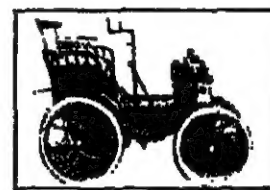
labourers hunting hares. The younger man has been disabused by the farmer because his wife (they have six children) can only manage two days' housework a week for the farmer's wife. He is bitter and inarticulate, aware of the injustice done to him and — final blow — along comes the farmer's gamekeeper, catches them poaching and kills his dog. Even as I summarise it, the story emerges as much more than the slight tale it seemed at first reading — it sums up a whole era and attitude in English country life.

The outstanding story in the book is "The Field of Mustard." Three plain, married, middle-aged country women are out gathering wood. They seem unlikely heroines to engage any author's attention and yet are truly heroic. They put up — albeit with some bewilderment — with lovelessness, boredom and — one of them — with childlessness. There are strong lesbian overtones, yet such is Coppard's art that this neither shocks nor jars — it is even innocent, just part of the total picture of their lives. He is merely saying that if a human being cannot find love in one place, he must perforce seek it somewhere else. It is no strident cry for Gay Liberation — just a declaration that human beings must love and it possible be loved and that our inmost hearts know no censorship.

Above all there is Coppard's sheer mastery of language, which is never just "fine" writing for its own sake. He can encapsulate in one un-compromising sentence a whole life: "Each day was a hard-boiled egg that you had to make up your mind to swallow unflinchingly." It is peculiarly fitting that Doris Lessing, the bravest and best woman writer of our day, has written the introduction. Both writers have the rare capacity to view human nature with almost Tolstoyan compassion and perception.

A biographical note: Coppard's father was a tailor and his mother a housemaid. When his father died, the mother had to go to work to support her four children as a plain ironer 12 hours a day for 27 pence a day. In his autobiography he wrote: "... she achieved the heaven of her ambition when she was promoted to first class for two and six a day." On the death of his father Coppard left school, at the age of nine. That was the end of his formal education.

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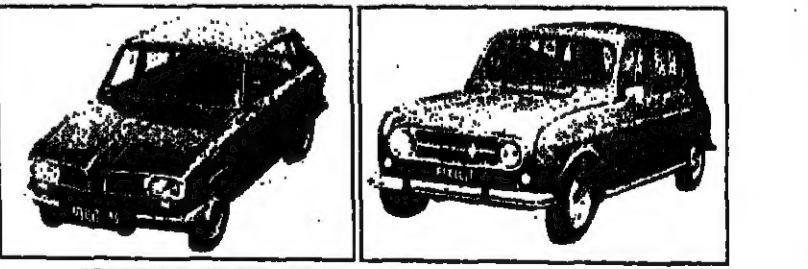
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The taming of tragedy



SHAKESPEARE
(Reprinted from "The World & Art of Shakespeare" by Mendlow and Shalvi)

PROFESSOR Dorothea Krook of the Hebrew University has written a book which sets down in clear fashion the important elements of tragedy. She isolates and discusses four elements of tragedy which together form a universal tragic pattern, a schema that can be used for any play to determine its "tragic" status. These four elements, which can be separated in analysis but not in our experience of the particular plays, are: the act of shame or horror, suffering, knowledge, affirmation. To determine tragic form Prof. Krook uses her schema to examine the plays of Sophocles and Shakespeare, and of Middleton, Ibsen, and Chekhov. She asserts that "the ultimate test of the scheme" must be "useful and pragmatic." I have no doubt that students will use her book as a kind of tragicol trit, testing play with scheme and coming up with the "right" label. However, the book can serve no other purpose.

No mystery

The tone of this seemingly modest study is dogmatic. Prof. Krook has such clear-cut answers, her discussions pay so little attention to the sense of mystery in tragedy, that one wonders why so much skepticism surrounds tragic theory. She proceeds "in defiance" (her phrase) of the prevailing pluralist view of tragedy, boldly asserting her anti-skeptical position. She states, in a footnote, that it is not her present task to argue against the skeptics, a task she is saving for a later book. But surely the skeptics have to be taken into account in this book. Not that she must argue against them in systematic fashion, which might be beyond the bounds she sets for herself, but their positions must be considered along the way, if only to be rejected. This is especially

ELEMENTS OF TRAGEDY by Dorothea Krook. New Haven and London, Yale University Press 279 pp. \$8.75.

Reviewed by Normand Berlin

necessary because Prof. Krook considers her book to be a "well-constructed synthesis" in which "the reader will have no difficulty in recognizing the famous theories of tragedy, from Aristotle's to A.C. Bradley's and Northrop Frye's."

Now the reader does recognize the theories of Aristotle, Bradley, and Frye — but there are other theories and ideas about tragedy in addition to these. Where the reader is forced to ask, is Nietzsche? Where is Hegel? Jasper? Unamuno? Kierkegaard? Langier? Not that Prof. Krook had to "cover" these thinkers, but they should have been felt somewhere in the course of a book which asserts that it will offer a "fresh examination" of "the best that has been thought" on the subject. And since some of "the best that has been thought" on tragedy has been set down by practicing playwrights as well as theorists, one is also forced to ask where is Yeats? Brecht? Anouilh? Miller? Durrenmatt? All strangely missing in spirit, footnote, and index. The book, by not confronting the skeptics and by not even mentioning the ideas of the important tragic theorists and dramatists, seems to avoid the difficult discussion in favour of the pragmatic, older categorization.

Prof. Krook also avoids testing her scheme against the difficult playwrights, Sophocles and Shakespeare provide her with "ideal"

examples of tragedy, and Middleton, Ibsen, and Chekhov provide test cases. Now, whatever criteria we use for tragedy (and Prof. Krook's are as good as most and the same as many), Sophocles and Shakespeare qualify; they are our perennial touchstones. Middleton, Ibsen, and Chekhov are interesting because in them genres seem to be mixed. But wouldn't a scheme be more boldly tested by going to such "borderline" tragic dramatists as Beckett and Brecht and Durrenmatt? Wouldn't a more fruitful discussion result from a confrontation with the "affirmation" (Prof. Krook's fourth element) we may or may not experience in Flinter or Stoppard than from the exaltation we feel at the end of "King Lear"?

What I am suggesting is that a modern critic on tragedy must go to the borders to discover the territory, and Prof. Krook, although recognizing this, makes only a half-hearted attempt to do so. Her reluctance to grapple with the difficult problem is felt throughout the book. Take, for example, her assertion that the greatness of modern tragedy rests on such novelists as Tolstoy and Dostolevsky, George Eliot and Henry James, Emily Bronte and Melville, Mann and Pasternak rather than on Ibsen, Chekhov, T.S. Eliot, Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, Sartre or Ionesco. This may be true (although somewhat stretching the bounds of the epithet "modern"), but where is the discussion that leads to the distinctions between the tragic novelists and tragic dramatists? "Outside the scope of this book," answers Prof. Krook. But why outside? If the scheme works, it should be used to demonstrate why exactly Bronte and James are more tragic than Miller and Williams.

Inadequate tests

Prof. Krook recognizes the "final mysteriousness" of the whole condition of man, and the reader waits in high expectation of a discussion of this "mystery" — the shadow, the abyss, the paradoxes. She attempts to get to this mystery by discussing "the question of moral responsibility in tragedy," and she concludes that Sophocles directly and Shakespeare indirectly invoke an objective moral order that transcends the human. "Nothing is human experience," she says, "is more mysterious and inexplicable to our normal conception of morality and justice than the highly impersonal justice of the tragic vision." This is a sweeping, large statement — the kind that Prof. Krook seems to enjoy presenting — and it is one that the reader would be willing to accept if only Prof. Krook had tested it not against Sophocles and Shakespeare, but against Beckett and Flinter and Miller. Or, lest I be accused of dwelling too much on modern drama, if only she had tested it against Euripides' "Hippolytus," where the "impersonal" seems so personal.

In short, Prof. Krook has set forth the elements of tragedy very clearly, offering many perceptive comments along the way, but she has not given attention to many important theorists and dramatists, has completely omitted contemporary tragic criticism and drama, and — most disappointing of all — has not fully confronted the difficult questions that tragedy provokes. The critic, like the tragic hero, must be willing to meet the challenge of the difficult test. Unfortunately, Prof. Krook does not allow herself to grapple to find her way through dark territory. She carries a very bright flashlight firmly in hand — but it shines on a well-lit road, avoiding the shadows.

Prof. Berlin, author of "The Base String: The Underworld in Elizabethan Drama," teaches Shakespeare and drama at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst and has just completed a sabbatical year teaching at the University of the Negev in BeerSheva.

HAMLET AND THE JEWISH PROBLEM

HAMLET AND THE WORD: The Covenant Pattern in Shakespeare by Harold Fisch. N.Y., Frederick Ungar, 248 pp., \$7.95.

Reviewed by Matthew Nesvisky

CONTRARY to what the title of this work may at first suggest to some, this book is not a treatise on "Hamlet and the Jewish Problem." The author, Professor of English at Bar-Ilan University, has produced a nicely written piece of Shakespeare criticism, showing the highest standards of scholarship, argumentation and judgement. The book does have some flaws, but they tend to be more the weaknesses of the genre of modern Shakespeare criticism than those of this particular author.

Prof. Fisch maintains that "Hamlet" is an ambiguous play — no great discovery, although too many critics overlook the fact while they are busy beating their interpretative drums. Accepting the ambiguity, however, Prof. Fisch asserts, with reasonable and scholarly vigour, that "the Hebraic component of his (Shakespeare's) work — hitherto insufficiently appreciated — may be as important as the Senecan-Stoic or medieval-Christian components." Prof. Fisch is not about to overdo it: "Shakespeare is not going to be circumvented," we are told. But he is going to be interpreted in an intelligent and creative manner.

The covenant

Prof. Fisch argues that "Hamlet" is as much a Covenant story as it is a revenge tale. Both were recurrent motifs in Renaissance literature: the latter was a matter of popular entertainment, the former a concern of philosophy and religion. Prof. Fisch is of the camp which holds that "Hamlet" is a religious play, and that the key to its meaning is not that the hero is an avenging angel, but that he has made a pact to be one. The confrontation between the Ghost and Hamlet at the beginning of the play, Prof. Fisch believes, is not unlike that of God and Moses at the burning bush. Both Moses and Hamlet are surrounded at the tasks required of them, both initially doubt their abilities to perform properly; both nonetheless take upon themselves the burden of changing their worlds and establishing a new moral order; both suffer from the strain of their tasks; both die with their missions completed but the fruits of their labours yet to be unfolded to the world.

Absent minded

The thesis is supported with references both internal and external to the text. In the plot structure, of course, we have the Ghost's re-

turn at a critical scene, where Hamlet is told to get on with the task of keeping to his Covenant. The ancient question of Hamlet's "delay" in keeping his sworn promise, by the way, is explained by Prof. Fisch in a rather novel manner: Hamlet is forgetful. The text's emphasis on forgetting, which the critic points out for us, makes this explanation as plausible as any which insists on viewing Hamlet as a real person, and not a character in a drama which had to run five acts.

Externally, we are told that Christopher Marlowe's contemporary Covenant play, "Doctor Faustus," had obvious parallels with Shakespeare's masterpiece (Prof. Fisch is sure that the Ghost is the Devil, as Hamlet himself occasionally suspects). We are also urged to believe that Hamlet has been reading Montaigne when Polonius bulls in on him (though other critics have argued in favour of Juvenal); that Rabelaisian thinkers in Shakespeare's time were striving for a "new covenant" in theology; that Hamlet's soliloquies are best seen as religious meditations of the sort of Ignatius of Loyola and Luis de Granada.

Buberized

Here we might add that Prof. Fisch cannot resist making a point over and over again — that the soliloquies are not just Elizabethan dramatic conventions, but an essential Hamlet's evidence of a deep seated desire to turn monologue into dialogue. Of course, it is but a short step to Buberizing Hamlet into a seeker of the I-Thou relationship. Here we cannot help feeling that Prof. Fisch has gone a bit too far — at the least, he has introduced a new set of metaphors to a play already gorged with imagery.

Prof. Fisch also overshoots when he asserts the generalization that "Shakespearean drama is fundamentally covenantal." This is only a very special way of saying that in virtually all stories, the central character has a goal which he determines early on and which he strives to meet throughout the plot. What is to prevent us from seeing Huckleberry Finn's agreement to lead the Nigger Jim to freedom as a covenant myth? Come to think of it, Old Hunk meditates on "Moses and the Bulrushes" in the very first chapter of the novel.

No shouting, please

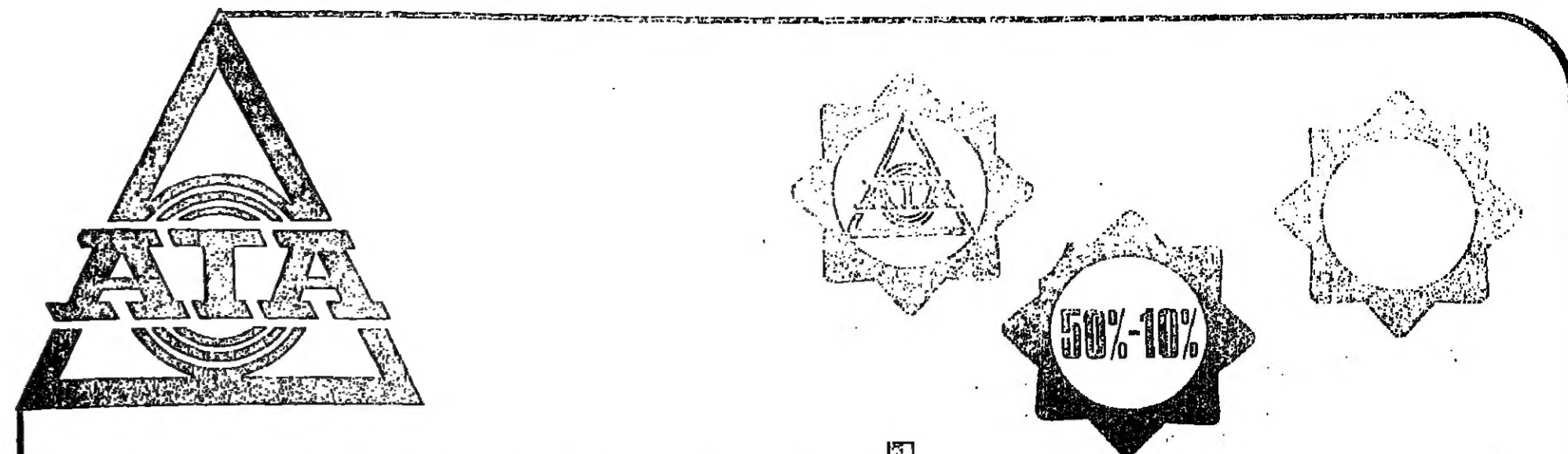
Two other matters in this book are a bit annoying. The first is Prof. Fisch's penchant for expostulation! It is bad manners to shout in any book, scholarly or otherwise! And the other matter is the critic's ill-advised adherence to that evil of modern book publishing: the use of material previously printed in periodicals for stuffing between hard covers, just to flesh out someone's concept of what book-length should mean. Whole chapters in the present volume make almost no reference to Hamlet, and thematically have little to do with the rest of the book.

But these flaws are minor. The book remains generally intelligent, well reasoned, and highly readable.

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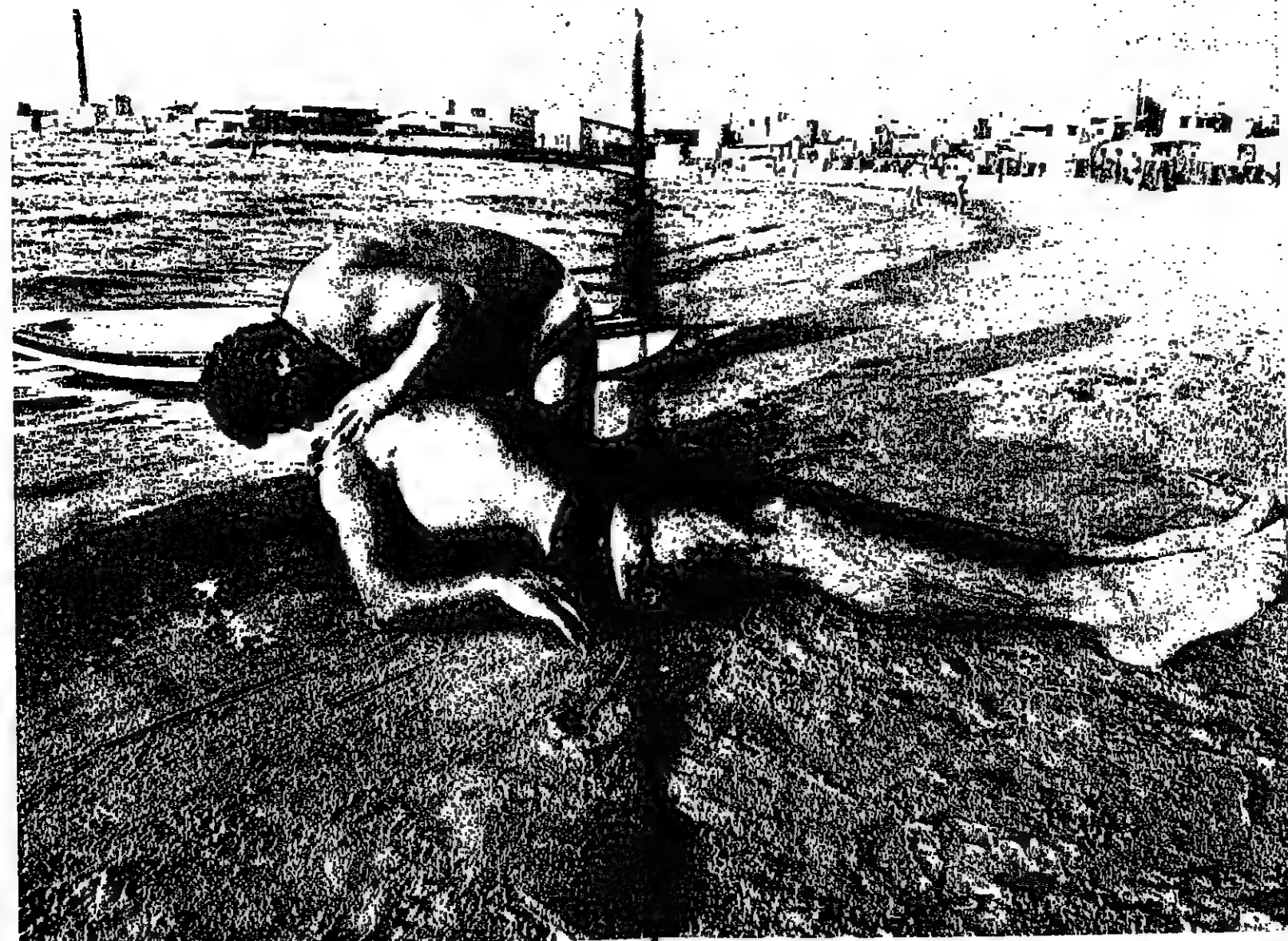
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Watch out for the rugged individualist who can't bear crowds, even if they include a lifesaver or two. (Rubinger)



The constant watch.

Sarah Honig investigates the causes of drowning on Israel's beaches, and suggests how many of the dangers may be avoided. Photos Shalom Bar-Tal (Israel Sun)



Hey, come back! A warning whistle to bathers.

A POLICE jeep cruises along the Tel Aviv waterfront at dawn on a routine patrol. It already promises to be a hot summer morning, and the light of day is creeping over the beach. Suddenly, there are screams from the direction of the waterfront. Racing from their jeep across the narrow patch of sand, the police see a youth, a tourist, standing in agonized helplessness on the beach. From the water, still too dark to be clearly seen, come muffled cries in Dutch. By the time the officers plunge into the water and pull out two apparently lifeless forms, it is too late for one of the dawn swimmers, an 18-year-old girl who had only arrived the day before.

Both the girl and her companion, another teenaged tourist who was revived by the officers, were reportedly excellent swimmers. Their mistake was a desire for a dawn dip in the Mediterranean—not that the sea is any more treacherous than at any other time. It is just that the person trained to recognize and cope with its dangers—the lifeguard—is not there at that early hour of the day. An hour, and a half later the nearby lifeguard station would have been manned. The lifeguard would have checked whether conditions permitted swimming that day at all, and if they did, where the safest spots for swimming were on that particular morning. (They may shift not only from day to day, but from hour to hour).

The bathers would have been directed there and as long as they obeyed instructions, the chance of a serious mishap would have been sharply reduced. Had the two still

managed to get into trouble, the lifeguard would have been at their side almost instantly with his swift *hasaka* surfboard-like open boat. And if anyone had lost consciousness in the water, he would have stood far greater chances for survival if first aid had been administered by a lifeguard, who has far more expertise and experience in reviving methods than do passersby or even police officers.

Indeed, the major cause of drowning on Israeli beaches, according to the chief of the National Lifeguards Association, Aharon Bar-El, is the fact that too many people disregard the one key rule—don't swim when there is no lifeguard around. "What hurts is the delight some people take in violating the rule," he says. "It's all due to a sort of arrogance, to some need to show off in front of the guys or the girl friend. People want to prove their manliness or self-reliance or something by pretending that the lifeguard is a superfluous nuisance."

Over-confident

This attitude is particularly prevalent among the good swimmers, the loquacious Mr. Bar-El points out. The poor-to-average swimmer will seldom dare to take chances or swim out too far. The overly confident swimmer is the one who, in the final analysis, is more prone than anyone else to accidents in the water.

The extent to which Mr. Bar-El's attack against show-offism is justified is borne out by public service announcements which are broadcast frequently nowadays between pop tunes on the radio. Appealing to the common show-

off, a soft, if not alluring, feminine voice repeats over and over again: "Be a he-man and respect the lifeguard's instructions; a he-man and respect his warning; show that you're a he-man and don't sneer at the lifeguard."

Such slogans can be as successful as telling a hat to be very polite to his teacher because the way a little gentleman like him is expected to behave. One lifeguard told *The Jerusalem Post* at the Hilton beach here last week. "When I come here at 1:00 each morning, I find whole groups of people already in the water. With plenty of self-esteem, each one of them sees himself as the paradigm of hardness, while the cold morning waves whip at most of the population in a bad. If something happens to them (and something can happen to anyone), there won't be anybody here trained to notice the danger and to come out to the rescue," he says.

Worse transgressors still are the real late-night birds for whom swimming is only fun after midnight, when they can't see a sort of water they are going into, what jagged rocks or dangerous undercurrents wait for them beneath the surface, and how far they may be going from the shore.

But even if there were a lifeguard on duty around the beach at each and every station, people would continue to stray from the vicinity of the lookout tower. They may not do so particularly about sea, but their swimming but instead they have decided preferences for where they swim. They are

often overly partial to the weekend shanty towns and tent camps which crop up along the official bathing beaches, surrounded by new and old litter and by an amazing array of household furnishings and equipment. They may not enjoy picking their way over closely packed bodies on the sand, bathing beauties or no. They may want to avoid being hit by a flying soccer ball or by its smaller and ubiquitous cousin, the paddleball.

Risky places

So these people wander off to the enticing serenity and beauty of the more outlying stretches of coast, in which bathing is officially forbidden, or to those segments of the shore situated between two official bathing beaches. The time may be right—but the place is definitely not. Nature may have created its own hazards at the no-bathing beach, but even if not, the very fact that a lifeguard is not stationed in the area makes swimming there risky.

Ironically enough, it is at these relatively uncrowded, but nevertheless increasingly popular beaches, that the sea is at the epitome of its perfidy. The shore is unspoiled and unlitigated, and the water is most often unpolluted and uncontaminated. "The beach for some reason is always most beautiful in those areas where bathing is banned, and that's not because of the skull and crossbones on the 'no swimming' sign put up there," Mr. Bar-El says.

For some reason in those spots where the sea is most dangerous, it is just always calmer and more inviting. And, as that great student

of the sea, Herman Melville, points out, "In the times of dreamy quietude, when beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the sea's skin, one will forget the tiger heart that pants beneath it; and would not willingly remember that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang."

According to Mr. Bar-El, such "remorseless fangs" lurk almost everywhere along the Mediterranean coast of Israel. "You must keep in mind the fact that ours is an almost straight coastline. There are practically no natural bays anywhere, aside from the Haifa-Acre area. It is therefore totally vulnerable to three forces—winds, waves and undercurrents. This, coupled with the fact that most of our coast is also good and rocky, can create dangerous situations," he explains.

To him a wave is like a fist. As long as it hits nothing, it really has no force. "But when the wave makes contact with the rocks it can become quite powerful on impact. Most rocks are underwater and the wave coming towards the shore smoothly passes over them, but when it goes back out to sea, it wanders between the rocks, bores holes and creates whirlpools."

One remedy for this is the long T-shaped breakwaters set up along the Tel Aviv coast in recent years. They bring in a great deal of sand which not only makes the beach wider but also covers the rocks and eliminates the danger. "However, breakwaters can create undercurrents of their own," Mr. Bar-El warns. He offers several tips to help the swimmer determine whether

he is entering dangerous waters, the first being to make sure that the area is relatively free of rocks and holes. The color of the water is the key indicator: an even color of a greenish hue generally means no dangerous rocks on the sea bed. Every dark stain means an underwater rock.

To make sure that no undercurrents exist, Mr. Bar-El recommends that bathers toss driftwood into different places in the water. If all the branches are borne back to the shore by the waves, it is likely that the area is safe for swimming. But if one branch does not return to shore, and, despite the waves, remains floating where it was flung or floats elsewhere but not to shore, the bather should by no means enter the water. The test should be repeated several times.

The currents

Moreover, the bather should check for undercurrents up to 20 metres on each side of his area, as normal and usually unfelt northerly or southerly currents can cause him to drift away from his safety zone. If the bather turns to the spot again at some other time, he must conduct his test all over again, as new undercurrents may have formed overnight.

Besides dark coloration of the water, the swimmer should also be wary of those places in which the water appears unusually calm, and the waves free from foam. The water itself, however, is full of tiny bubbles. A whirlpool or a powerful underwater stream may lurk under the surface. The latter is usually some four to six metres

wide and can be as much as a hundred metres long. It will swiftly carry away anything afloat, generally out to the open sea. If a bather gets caught in such a current, Mr. Bar-El advises him not to resist, which would just waste his strength. While swimming with the current he should gently turn left or right and thus gradually free himself from the current. He can also drift with the current all the way until it loses force and then make a wide sweeping circle and return to shore.

The whirlpool is a powerful cone-shaped current with its widest part at the surface. The current is not completely circular and there is always an opening in it. If the swimmer who is caught in the pool does not offer resistance chances are that the current will throw him out by itself. The swimmer can also dive and emerge from under, as the deeper he goes, the narrower the pool. He must, however, come back up far from the perimeter of the surface current.

The main thing, though, Mr. Bar-El stresses, "is not to panic. If a person starts making inefficient and frantic gestures in a desperate attempt to stay afloat, he is in trouble. He is by that time too confused to know what he is doing, and with every attempt to inhale, he swallows water instead. He may try and scream, which only makes him swallow more water. At a time like that only help from outside can do any good. A lifeguard has a sixth sense to recognize a swimmer in trouble. He doesn't need the gestures and screams. Any map

swimming toward the shore but making no progress is in trouble and probably stuck in a dangerous undercurrent. So is the swimmer who turns over on his back too often. He may have had a muscle cramp or may be too exhausted to go on."

One other common mistake, Mr. Bar-El points out, is spending long hours on the beach without a hat. "The sun weakens people, even if they don't feel it. I've seen many cases of people who stayed under the hot sun bareheaded and when they got into the water, they just fainted. That's not an uncommon cause for drowning."

But as he lists dangers, Mr. Bar-El is also quick to emphasize that he doesn't want "to scare the bathers off our beaches. On the contrary. People should know that we probably hold a world record in having a low rate of drowning. We only have about 20 to 30 deaths in a summer season and this is mostly in cases where people did not swim under the supervision of a lifeguard. People may say that we shouldn't consider absolute numbers when making comparisons with other countries, because their populations are so much larger than our own. This may be, but are their beach-going populations larger? Ours is quite large. On one Saturday we may have 1.5 million people at the beaches. Bearing this in mind and the long bathing season that we have, the number of mishaps here is relatively small," he maintains. "The main thing is not to leave common sense at home and go swimming when and where there is no lifeguard. The lifeguard cancels out the danger of the sea, so to speak."

Marketing with Martha

PERHAPS it is the element in Israeli life which causes a multiplicity of political parties also causes consumer organizations to mushroom. Last time I looked around there were four consumer bodies — one quasi-governmental, one Histadrut, one independent, and one belonging to the business community. Now there are five. The newcomers in the Consumer Service Committee of the Association of Americans and Canadians.

The veterans are the government-sponsored Israel Consumer Council, the Histadrut's Consumer Authority, the independent Israel Consumer Association (this is the oldest), and the business world's Better Business Bureau. There is also a Consumers Commissioner within the government. All are prepared to accept complaints from consumers, and the confused consumer often does not know which way to turn.

With the addition of yet another organization to an already crowded field, the consumer has a new address—any regional office of the Association of Americans and Canadians. I must confess I find it hard to muster much enthusiasm for the formation of this new Consumer Service Committee. While consumer consciousness should be encouraged, I shudder to think what would happen if every Israeli consumer in Israel — British, Hungarian, North African, Russian, or what have you — were to introduce its own brand of consumerism into the Israeli market place.

Barely a year

The Consumer Service Committee of the A.A.C.I. is barely a year old. It is an outgrowth of a very ambitious consumer education lecture series which the immigrant association held last year for the benefit of English-speaking newcomers. Its initiator was A.A.C.I. Executive Secretary for Tel Aviv Mrs. Ann Attar. The next step was a "protest rally" which the A.A.C.I. sponsored last year in Tel Aviv to draw attention to what its organizers termed "the lack of quality and standards in our food products."

At that rally, a list was circulated to sign up people interested in form-

ing a consumer action group. Not all its members are Americans or Canadians. There are a couple of sabras, a British immigrant or two, at least one South American. The first chairman was Mrs. Hannah Greenbaum, who has lived in Israel for three years. The current chairman is Avi Engel, who has been here four years. He is a bachelor, a trained electrical engineer, and currently a Spanish teacher.

Each consumer organization which has arisen in Israel has its own specific orientation — or pet concern. The A.A.C.I. group, for instance, is particularly sensitive to the problem of food purity. In fact, its members were quite distressed to learn they could not be party to the drafting of the proposed Pure Food Law. When they asked the Attorney General's Office to let them see the draft law so they could make suggestions, they were told that in Israel the public is not permitted access to a draft bill until it has passed its first reading in the Knesset.

Food complaints

The major contribution so far of the Consumer Service Committee is its unique technique in handling food complaints. Chairman Avi Engel contends that most citizens do not have the time or patience to take defective foodstuffs in person to their nearest Health Ministry Regional Office or even to the nearest existing consumer organization. (I have always taken complaints to the Israel Consumers Association office and let it carry the ball from there. On more than one occasion, I have received notice that a certain manufacturer has been fined on the basis of my complaint.)

Now the consumer has an even easier route — provided he lives reasonably near one of the three major cities. For a telephone call to the nearest A.A.C.I. office (in Tel Aviv, 238644), an A.A.C.I. volunteer will drive to your home and collect the offending product — such as a bottled drink with a bug in it. The volunteer will come armed with a complaint form to fill out and have you sign. The A.A.C.I. will convey the product and the complaint (provided it is a justified one) to the Health Ministry.

Limitations

There are limitations to this system, however: If the complaint concerns a food product which has been opened and partially consumed — for instance, if you eat half a tin of peas and then find a stone in it you will have to go to the Health Ministry in person to testify. But if the food package or bottle is sealed and the "foreign body" visible through the wrapper, the A.A.C.I. will do it for you.

If you have suffered physical injury from an impure food product, such as breaking a tooth on something, you needn't go through the

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THE ORGANIZED CONSUMER

Health Ministry at all you belong at the Small Claims Court (in Tel Aviv, in Sderot Shaul Hamelech). You can either represent yourself or take a lawyer. The A.A.C.I. cannot help you with legal aid, but the public Consumer Council or the Histadrut's Consumer Authority might be able to advise you. Both these bodies have staff lawyers to aid consumers.

Ambitious project

The fledgling A.A.C.I. Consumer Service Committee has undertaken another ambitious project — too ambitious, in my opinion. It has been sending delegations of volunteers to visit food processing factories to observe their sanitary conditions. So far they have visited Gnom, three Tauva dairies, Noon fish canneries, Assis, Shomen, Blueband-Telma, 778 at Beit Yizhak and Schweppe-Jaffra. Before a report is published — in the Association's bulletin — a copy is sent to the firm's management to allow it to comment. So far, reports, with the rebuttals from the firms, have been published on the Tauva dairies at Tel Aviv, Rehovot, and Haifa, and on Blueband-Telma. The latter happened to be a glowingly favourable report; those on the dairies were more critical.

I have my serious reservations about the value of citizens groups making health inspections of factories. These people are not professionals in this field, and they may not know what to look for. I wonder how many American factories any of these people visited before their

private consumer group, such as the A.A.C.I.'s, would confine itself to lobbying for stricter governmental inspection of food factories. Perhaps the organization might even visit factories and submit complaints formally to the appropriate public authorities. But I do not see the value to the consumer, nor the fairness to the manufacturers, in publishing reports which have no professional basis. I would not be surprised if the A.A.C.I. found a lawsuit on its hands one of these days.

Self-regulatory

Another organization, the Better Business Bureau, for instance, is very careful what it publishes about a firm which falls in its view, to live up to ethical business standards. Of course, the B.B.B. is not a consumer protection society *per se*. Rather, it is a self-regulatory association within the business world to protect the good name of business.

To date, the Better Business Bureau has confined its "blacklisting" in its own bulletins to those firms which fail to answer a call from the B.B.B. for an explanation of alleged bad practices. In its internal files, the B.B.B. is more specific in recording complaints against various firms. If a consumer calls for information about a particular company, the B.B.B. will tell him whether the firm has a good or bad record in its files. It will not, however, "recommend" any specific company over another.

A call to the B.B.B., however, is no foolproof method of discovering if a firm is reliable. Just after the Pan-Lon contracting company scandal, I asked B.B.B. Executive Secretary Adi Horovitz what his organization would have told prospective Pan-Lon customers had they called a week or so before. "I would have had nothing bad to say about Pan-Lon's consumer relations," he told me.

The B.B.B. of Israel is currently doing something to put itself in a stronger position to take a public stand against firms which violate its standards of business ethics. It is taking out general liability insurance against libel and slander suits. "This will enable us to give out the names and full facts about people who conduct their business in an unethical manner," says Mr. Horovitz. The insurance will be made through an international firm, and it will cover the B.B.B. against the high legal costs of defending itself in case of libel suits.

There are some other interesting bits of news from the B.B.B., which has been operating for a dozen years in Tel Aviv and Haifa, but not yet in Jerusalem.

In Tel Aviv, one of its phone numbers — 52040 — is booked up on an after-hours tape recorder, so that the caller can leave complaints any time. The recorder message of instruction is in Hebrew and English. The B.B.B. is interested in complaints about false advertising and unethical or discourteous business practices; it follows up each complaint with a letter or visit to the firm involved.

Not satisfied only with complaints which come in from the public, the B.B.B. has begun its own survey of Truth in Advertising. (An agreement was recently signed between the B.B.B., the Israel Consumers Council and the Advertisers and Advertising Associations for Truth in

Advertising.) A team of volunteers, who receive a small remuneration for their time, go around to shops checking the veracity of advertisements. For instance, if a certain shop advertises a sale, the B.B.B. may send people to check if the stated items are really on sale at the listed prices, or if this is merely a "come-on" advertisement. Anyone who would like to work as a B.B.B. volunteer in this project should contact the Tel Aviv office at the above-listed phone number, or 5711.

From time to time, the B.B.B. draws up a Code of Ethics for a specific field of business, and gets as many firms as possible to subscribe to it. A recent one, of special interest to newcomers, is the Code of Ethics for firms specializing in the sale of duty-free goods. The Code, in Hebrew, English, French and Spanish, can be obtained from the Better Business Bureau, 3 Rehov Ahumai Bayit, Tel Aviv, with a self-addressed envelope, or through the Ministry of Absorption.

The B.B.B. has jumped onto a newly popular bandwagon in the consumer field — the idea of consumer education for high school pupils. Mr. Horovitz says he is shortly to begin a series of lectures to teachers, through the Teachers Union auspices, so that they will be better prepared to teach their pupils about prudent marketing practices.

More on consumers organizations next week.

Martha Meisels

WEE WOMEN



"Congratulations! Your spending this month didn't go up as much as the cost of living."

immigration to Israel. A factory which looks clean and neat on the surface may be using some practice, which is not sound from a health viewpoint, while something which looks dirty or disorganized may not necessarily be.

A case in point is the A.A.C.I.'s published criticism of the floors in the milk packaging section of Tauva, Tel Aviv. The report spoke of floors "coated with black sticky dirt." In his reply, Tauva Dairy Manager Shlomo Verlesky commented: "In the milk filling department, the floor is made of black concrete material to which there is added material which makes it impervious to the effects of detergents and other cleaning materials. We believe that the worthy visitors erred in assuming that black material is necessarily dirt."

The consumer reading this report, together with the rebuttal comments, cannot know what to believe. Is the black floor dirty? Or is it indeed, as Tauva claims, a dirt-free black floor covering? It would take a Health Ministry expert or a Standards Institute team to give a proper ruling.

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From left — summer evening dress exclusive at Karen's and a Jean Pierre summer suit for men designed for Twiggly and a Gortex beach set in checkered pattern also at Twiggly's.

By Catherine Rosenheimer

Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter
EILAT. — It may sound illogical but it was not until I got to Eilat last week and I discovered a bright young French fashion designer and a brand new boutique — both located within a five-minute walk of our Tel Aviv office!

More exactly, we all met up in the air on the flight down to Eilat — an assortment of models, fashion producers, promoters, photographers and press, all bound for the Eilat Hotel where a gala fashion show took place last Saturday night to inaugurate the hotel's new pool.

Any mixings we may have had about visiting Eilat in mid-July were firmly dispelled on entering the hotel, where the atmosphere was pleasantly cool, the reception warm and friendly and cold drinks were promptly served. Eilat Hotel Manager Haim Kapelner talks of "manpower problems" (as does virtually every hotel manager in the country); as a guest, one is blissfully unaware of any such problems.

Service is on a standard of which any hotel in Israel could well be proud. One of the secrets may be that Mr. Kapelner, a soft-spoken, modest man, appears to be on duty day and night. He does admit that one of the principal difficulties in running a four-star hotel in Eilat is that "it don't get enough sleep."

Complains on the part of tourists regarding poor service and lack of courtesy in hotels are common —

Poolside

Fashion

Parade

windowpane checks or black and white gingham.

Jean Pierre's girls' styles followed similar lines, based on red, white, yellow and vivid green for the plain colour outfits, also including checks; a little red apron dress had red, white and blue check frill sleeves, there were smocks on the plain and check theme. All this young designer's clothes were typified by tremendously clean lines, striking simplicity. He works entirely in local fabrics, set up his workshop here two years ago and plans, soon, to add a line of children's fashions with the same chic cut and styling as the adult collections.

Where the two boutiques were concerned, virtually anything that wasn't a variation of the top and pants theme was a halter neck bodiceless maxi; similar styles came in prints, city cheeries and plain fabrics, hand-crochet dresses made here from Swiss straw.

From Gortex, there were plenty of variations on the swimsuit-plus-cover-up for which the firm is so well known: a tank suit in marigold and white draughtboard checks with



Short plaid shirts for men, zipped up the front, designed by Jean Pierre for Twiggly, were shown for the first time in Eilat. (Twiggly photos)

a slit-side voile maxi bearing the proof make-up; but none of them would agree. The boys took matters True to the cause of inaugurating into their own hands, much to the hotel's new pool, the two male models decided to end the show with a surprise splash, both leaping into the water in the middle of the finale obviously less delighted, while hair-line up. The idea, it turned out, had dresser Vaturi was to be seen so been for one of the models to dive dolefully wringing the water out of into the pool as a publicity stunt a pale green wig which had also landed up in the pool!

Paris wages war on trousers

By Aline Mosby

UPI Fashion Reporter

PARIS. — PARIS designers opened the winter high fashion shows earlier this week with a declared war on trousers and a return to the "classic look" of suits and shirtwaist dresses. To the 28 designers it's a plot that began a year ago to pry woman out of pants, folklore dresses, layered get-ups and flat shoes and guide them back to looking like so-called ladies in proper clothes, including high heels.

Many women, the autumn-winter fashion might prompt a reaction of why-did-I-give-away-my-old-clothes. The bulky three-quarter coats with kimono sleeves, the suits with straight skirts and long cardigan-style or short jackets and the shirtwaist dresses of the 1972 shows may look suspiciously like 1950.

THE Christian Dior salon pushed trousers suits into the background and starred long-neglected dresses and classic suits with fox scarves in its winter high fashion collection.

Designer Marc Bohan, heading the Dior designing team, presented seven trouser outfits, 14 daytime suits and 29 dress-and-coat numbers.

Proper is the best word for the Dior suits in banker's gray. Bohan teamed flared skirts with short belted jackets, or narrow skirts with long, mannish jackets.

The girls wore long fox scarves, cloche hats, blouses, aliver chain necklaces, gray stockings, gray spectator pumps with a thin platform sole and of course proper black leather gloves.

"Two-faced" is another word for the show. Bohan's favourite fabric for suits and coats was double-faced wool. Reversible wools also dom-

inated the collections of Ted Lapidus and Louis Feraud. Bohan had two new coat ideas: the short-waist or hiplength coat in reversible wool, or a full coat to the knee with a raglan armhole, dropped shoulder and full sleeve. The sheath also was revived, gently flaring in the skirt and with long, narrow sleeves. Daytime hammers hovered around the knee.

Those fox scarves dripped over evening as well as daytime outfits, hanging down straight instead of being looped over the shoulders in 1940 style. The charcoal gray suits sported fox boss carefully dyed to match. Even the jewellery was classic — ropes of pearls, huge gold button earrings.

Esterle's idea of easy-to-make high fashion is a series of squares, triangles and rectangles that, buttoned on shoulders and the sides, form mini dresses worn over black tights or somehow turn into trousers.

Designer Jacques Esterle opened sers, jackets or coats.



Gaily printed gowns from Louis Feraud's autumn-winter collection seen in Paris this week. (AP radiophoto)

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Israeli designs for Rosenthal

By Catherine Rosenheimer

Jerusalem Post Reporter

TEL AVIV. — THREE years ago, Jerusalem-born silversmith Menachem Berman designed a 19-piece cutlery set in sterling silver, its design inspired by a flowing stream of liquid, undulating metal. Two months ago, the same set was presented to retail buyers for the first time at the Hanover Trade Fair, its design now in production as part of the Rosenthal Studio Line.

Menachem Berman is the first-ever Israeli designer to be commissioned to work for Rosenthal — one of the foremost names in European porcelain, silver and glassware — and can be justifiably proud to have a design included in the Studio Line. The Rosenthal Porcelain Factory in Selb, West Germany, was founded in 1870 by the late Philip Rosenthal. It was his son, the younger Philip Rosenthal, who decided to revolutionize the firm's design principles shortly after the Second World War. Instead of producing only porcelain combining functional perfection with aesthetic merits and individual appeal, he decided to enlist the aid of foremost modern designers to create porcelain, glass and silverware of equally high design standards.

This was the birth of the Studio Line, whose designers include such names as Finnish Tapio Wirkkala, Bjorn Wiblad of Denmark, German-born Hans Theo Baumann and

the American Raymond Loewy. Rosenthal Studio House boutiques and shops are to be found in big cities throughout Europe. They are now almost complete design centres, including even selected items of furniture from the company's "Group 21" — a carefully selected number of European manufacturers of various types of domestic items who are permitted to display their products in the Studio Houses.

Best known
Menachem Berman is perhaps best known in Israel for his designs of silver religious articles as well as other types of metalware. He is also the recipient of international design awards. How did he succeed in getting a design accepted by Rosenthal?

"Three years ago, having designed the cutlery set, I started looking for a market. Tapio Wirkkala — whom I know personally — suggested Rosenthal. I visited their head

office in Munich, showed the design to Philip Rosenthal and his design director. Philip Rosenthal was immediately enthusiastic, said 'we're producing it — we shall call it "Silberfluss".'"

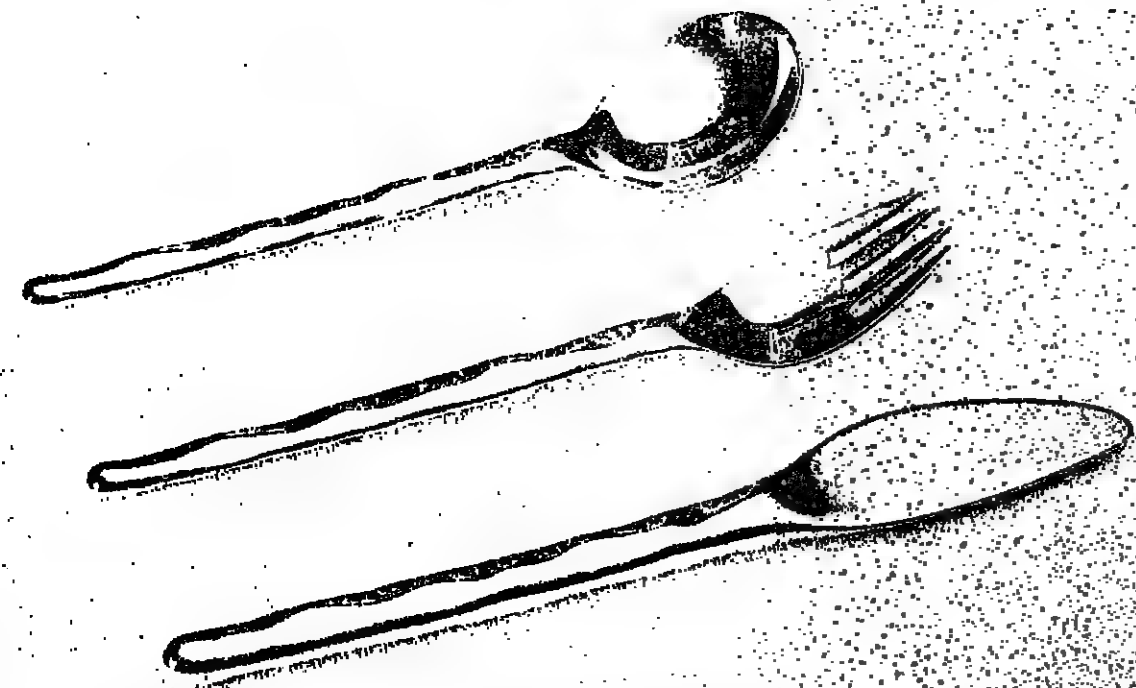
With characteristic understatement and modesty, Berman makes his achievement sound a simple one. The fact is that Rosenthal selects only a limited number of new designs each year, demanding very high standards indeed. On average just one or two new cutlery sets are introduced into the Studio Line each year.

"Silberfluss" (Silverflow) — as Philip Rosenthal very aptly named the set, grasping immediately its designer's concept — took two years in preparation time before going into production, until it was perfected in every detail. "It was a wonderful experience to work with Rosenthal's production team. To feel that I had the freedom to do exact-

ly what I wished, with the maximal help in all technical aspects being extended to me, was of utmost help. Working on a design to be mass-produced by an Israeli factory is a different proposition. Here one must design exactly in accordance with the company's potential, work-ers' and machinery. It's challenging — but hard!"

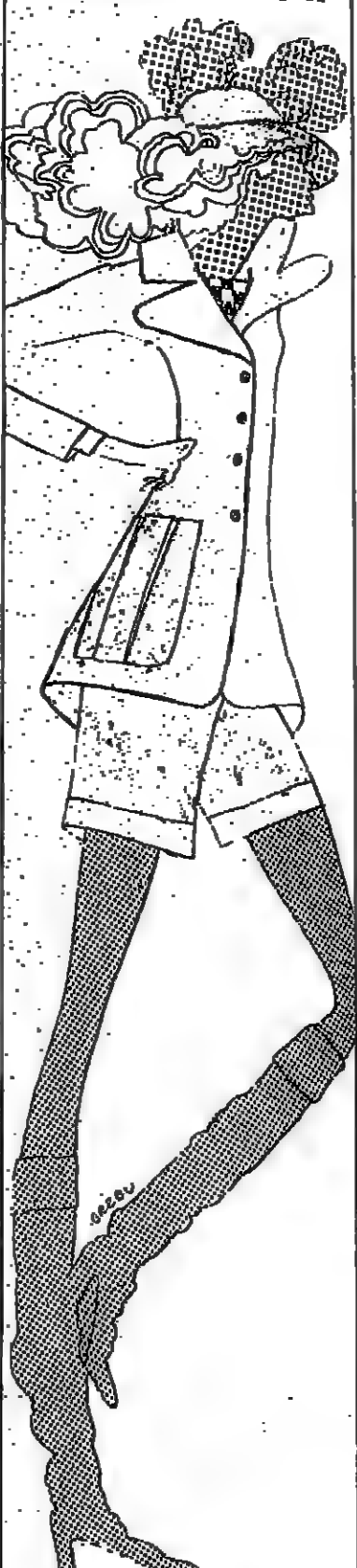
Good trade reaction

Trade reaction to Menachem Berman's cutlery set at the Hanover Fair was extremely favourable, attracting good orders as a result of which he has been asked to submit further designs to Rosenthal for consideration. He has always taken an interest in all fields of industrial design and, although his principal experience lies in the metalware field, he hopes now to venture into ceramics as well. International recognition by Rosenthal should open a good many doors for him.



Part of a sterling silver cutlery set, consisting of 19 flatware pieces, designed by Menachem Berman and now being produced in the Rosenthal Studio Line. The design is named "Silberfluss."

TOURISTS!!



HYPNOSIS



TAKING advice from a friend I approach a practitioner and sound him out cautiously on the pragmatic application of hypnosis. I would like him, I explain, to induce in my mind a distaste for sweets and starchy foods and maybe at the same time remove the reluctance to eat the raw vegetables that my English upbringing conditioned me against. Intellectually I have nothing against salads but I was educated to accept a lettuce leaf or a slice of tomato as decent only between two slices of buttered white bread and this early training is difficult to overcome.

Maybe with his help I can alter my eating habits even now, to fit more suitably into my present surroundings. He is certain that this is well within his powers, especially as I am so anxious to co-operate. He could do nothing if I were not willing, he asserts, but my present state of mind makes the job a simple one. One might say I am half-way there already.

Gave up smoking

My friend who was hypnotized into giving up smoking is most enthusiastic over this method. Certainly he wanted to give it up and had wanted to for twenty years but until he was eased, subconsciously over the first pangs of deprivation, the craving was always too much for him. He says that from the very first session the taste and smell of cigarettes became distasteful to him. Then in order to assist the strength of the post-hypnotic suggestion he nevertheless lit up, the relief and relaxation he had formerly received was replaced by a sensation of nausea and gulf. This seems a little strong to deal with buttered toast and lemon meringue, but it is worth a try and I sink expectantly into the deep chair in the office of the hypnotist.

I inquire if it is true that even

under deep hypnotic influence a person cannot be coerced into performing acts against their nature and he assures me that this is the case. This is something of a problem as I am not quite sure what depths my nature will reveal if the layers of imposed civilization are removed. For all I know I could be quite capable of going out and killing the dog when he wails his serenades to the moon outside my bedroom window. I have often felt impulses of violence towards him and other disturbers of the peace, not to mention towards obstructionists in the Civil Service and to people who disparage my children. If I would never do to run amok in the Town Hall wrecking havoc amongst the tea drinkers, I request him not to unleash any aggressive instincts of this kind if they should come to light in the course of his excavations.

He tells me I am feeling drowsy and careless. I should close my eyes and drift away on a bank of soft warm clouds. Obediently I lean back and close my eyes. Also no delicious torpor envelops me. I never felt more alert in my life. I say so, and a little annoyed he motions me to silence and drones on in even tones to tell me that my limbs are heavy and the room is getting dark.

I try to imagine that this is so. He goes on to say that I cannot hold up my head and obligingly I let it fall back onto the chair. Next he tells me that I cannot open my eyes. This is carrying deception too far and I open them at once. I am afraid he might stick pins in me soon to see if I am still sensitive.

State of mind

He is disappointed but says that it often takes some time to slide into the proper state of mind required for hypnosis and I should try to wipe out my hostility towards it. Sagarly I explain that hostile is the last thing I feel and I am most

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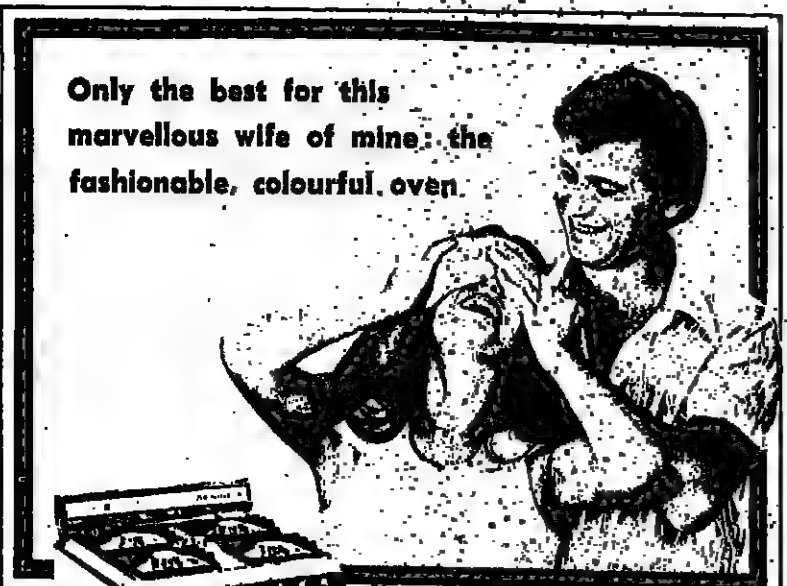
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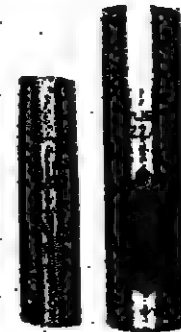
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Courses in Hebrew—free and accredited—for the blind

By Lea Levavi

Jerusalem Post Reporter

ARE the blind in Israel really that different from blind people elsewhere? Donald Wlag Hathaway—president of the Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind—has pondered that question while trying to determine why the school's free, accredited home-study programme, which has been enthusiastically received by the blind in most parts of the world, has not caught on here.

Some people in Israel—includ-

ing blind Hadley instructors, think "the blind here just aren't capable of studying by mail." But Mr. Hathaway, now on his fifth visit to Israel, disagrees. "With it all, I can't believe Israeli blind are different. Correspondence study is becoming more and more popular, for blind and sighted alike, and I don't see why it can't work here."

He is convinced that the reason for the programme's sluggishness is the lack of proper staff and organization. The blind teachers, who are paid by the hour and employed only part-time, are stud-

ents or full-time workers elsewhere. Until now, there has been no real office; books and equipment were stored at local agencies for the blind, in the homes of Hadley employees or wherever space could be found.

"We've decided we have to give the programme one real chance. We're renting an office (35 Rehov Hashofim, Tel Aviv), hiring a part-time sighted secretary and putting on additional teachers." The programme's director, a dynamic young blind woman named Janine Leat, who also runs Hadley's large regional office in Paris, will try to spend more of her time here to put the programme on its feet.

(One example of Miss Leat's dynamism is a special Braille course she created for spastics—using small buttons instead of the usual punched Braille dots. Though available now only in French Braille, the course will be made available in Hebrew Braille if it is needed here.)

"We started our programme here about ten years ago because we were invited," Mr. Hathaway explained. Mr. Zvi Federbusch, head of Education for the Blind at the Ministry of Education's Special Education Division, thought Hadley courses would be useful here. Welfare Ministry officials involved in rehabilitation of the blind later repeated the invitation.

Survey

"When we started here, Janine did a survey of 400 blind persons to find out what they wanted to learn. Two hundred said they wanted to learn English; the rest chose a wide variety of subjects." So far, only a small number of students have enrolled and even those prefer in-person tutoring to the school's study by mail procedure. "We may have to tutor new students in person for a while but these lessons should gradually push them toward independent home study."

So far, the school can offer elementary courses in English through Hebrew courses in Hebrew Braille and (within a few months) a special Braille course on how to use a regular Hebrew typewriter. An-

artist in Paris, recruited as a Hadley volunteer, prepared a special raised diagram of the standard Hebrew typewriter keyboard. Small squares in relief represent the keys and on each "key" the Braille symbol of the corresponding letter is written. Study materials in Braille and on tape are also provided and the students, who will prepare their homework on a regular typewriter, will send their lessons to the school's new office in Tel Aviv for corrections.

"We would like to offer a much broader curriculum but first we have to know what blind people here want to study." The Hebrew Tutorial Institute of Jerusalem has offered to let Hadley use any of its Hebrew correspondence courses. The school will also prepare its own courses (or translate existing ones from English) where needed. A blind author has already been asked to write a motivation course for newly blinded students; a course which—with adaptations and translations—will be used here, in Hadley's ten other overseas offices and perhaps in the United States as well—though a similar course tailored to American needs is already in the Hadley curriculum.

Hundred courses

"Blind Israelis who know English well can take any one of the more than 100 courses we offer in English from our headquarters in the States." Registration and mailing of lessons will be done from the local office. For those who know enough English to take advantage of it, the Hadley curriculum in English offers a full range of elementary and high school courses, college work through the Extension Services of six American universities and vocational courses ranging from home management and first aid to music appreciation, amateur radio theory and verse or story writing.

The school even offers training by correspondence in the use of new electronic devices now still in the experimental stage. For example, a recorded course is given in the electronic "sound language" of the Visotone—a machine which "trans-



Donald Wlag Hathaway

lates" printed letters into tone patterns, thus enabling the blind to "read" ordinary print. "We don't want to get anyone's hopes up. This device is only in the experimental stage."

Except for courses such as Braille and typewriting, where lessons must be prepared in a specific medium, students are free to use Braille, type, record or dictate their answers to a sighted person. Teachers' corrections are returned in any form the student requests.

Hadley's programme in Israel is supported by the Morris Family Foundation in memory of Philip and Fannie Morris.

Mr. Hathaway, 63 and fully sighted, came to Hadley in 1927 as a part-time Spanish teacher. He was then in his freshman year at Northwestern University and continued teaching part-time while working toward his B.A. in English and Romance Languages and his M.A. in classics. "Then finally I decided there was no point in finishing my doctorate. What good would all that research do anyway? At Hadley I knew I could do good."

Despite his administrative duties, Mr. Hathaway still teaches. "I have become so used to writing Braille to my students that I sometimes accidentally send Braille letters to students studying through recordings. These students sometimes don't know Braille at all and they send back my long letters telling me they can't read them." He ended with the happy laugh which so often punctuates his exuberant conversation—especially when discussing Hadley.

Work-study year for young Argentinian technicians

TEN young electronics technicians from Argentina, nine of them graduates of the ORT Technical High School in Buenos Aires, are the first group to come to Israel under a new ally programme known as Shnat Sherut B'Ta'ashah (Industrial Service Year).

Initiated by the Youth and Hebraic Department of the Jewish Agency, in cooperation with the Ministry of Labour and ORT, the Industrial Service year is an extension of the more generalised Shnat Sherut (Service Year) that has been operating successfully for some time. This has brought hundreds of young people to Israel for a year's work in the kibbutzim, mainly in the agricultural or general service branches. Many have become permanent settlers.

With the accelerated industrialization of the country as a whole and with more kibbutzim adding industry to their economies, it was decided to expand the Service Year programme so that youngsters could learn of the career opportunities for trained industrial manpower.

Latin America was selected for the first Industrial Service Year group not only because of the uneasy situation of Jewry on that continent and the effect of this on the ally, but because an especially fitting group stood ready and eager to participate. All had just completed technical high school

training and not yet gone to work. The nine ORT youngsters are the first class to graduate from the six-year Electronic Technicians course of the ORT Technical High School in Buenos Aires; the tenth member is a graduate of a municipal technical high school. Their names are: Zequel Wainman, Abel Jait, Jose Engelman, Ruben Walsblum, Luis Literat, Ricardo Jalfen, Eduardo Winter, Jaime Safersatzen, Meir Raigorodsky and Jorge Zellkowitz.

The ten youths—bearded and longhaired in the universal manner but keen and serious-minded—arrived in Israel six months ago.

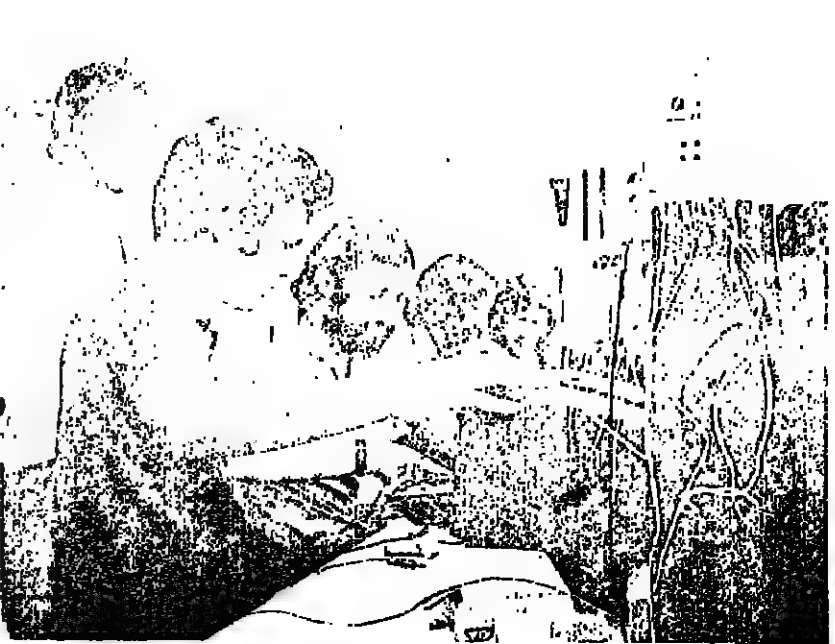
After three months' Hebrew study in an *shnan*, they were split up into four units, each of which was assigned to a kibbutz as a base. Their programme consists of work-and-study on the job and two special seminar courses at the ORT-Shefayim Regional High School, plus tours of the country and get-acquainted visits with Israeli families in various localities.

Speaking for the group, red-haired trim-bearded Meir Raigorodsky said: "This experience is opening our eyes to a new world. It has given us an entirely different and broader impression of kibbutz life than we had before. We didn't visualize being able to follow our fitting group stood ready and eager to participate. All had just completed technical high school

served that there seems to be more opportunity for technicians to find good jobs in Israel than in Argentina—where industrial development has not been rapid and where, when industrial or technical equipment is needed, the tendency is to import it rather than manufacture it."

"One of the best things about this visit," says Muir, "is that it gives us a chance to relate gradually and naturally to Israel, to see for ourselves. Of course we have a deep feeling for Israel. But we really came in our own interest, not because of any persuasion or propaganda. For most of us, coming on allya would be a very serious decision involving the whole family. But now, after this year, we'll have a lot more confidence in making that decision when the time comes."

Isaachar Zellkowsky, a graduate of the ORT-Lvivitch High School in Netanya at present instructor in electronics at the ORT Shefayim School, seen with his pupils from Buenos Aires. Second from left is Wainman. Next to him Luis Literat.



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THE FIGHT FOR PANOV

dance news
•
dora sowden

So far, the Batsheva-Bat-Dor Dance Society has been unable to make progress with getting Valery Panov, one of the stars of the Kirov Ballet, out of Russia. One telephone call to Leningrad got no reply; another was answered by a stranger, who said she did not want to speak to Israel.

A visitor to Israel, who does not wish her name to be disclosed but who knows Panov and his wife, Galina Ragosina, personally, has expressed fears for his safety. She says that when he received a visa from Israel, the Russian authorities declared it invalid, because he had no relatives in Israel. Just before President Nixon's visit, Panov was imprisoned for three weeks on an allegation of mistreating his wife. The visa disappeared. Another that was sent to him was therefore confirmed by telegram so that he could have proof of its existence.

Panov himself told her: "I risk everything to get to Israel — and if they don't let me go, I'll commit suicide." An appeal by the Batsheva-Bat-Dor Dance Society to Amnesty International brought a negative reply. A letter signed by Bruce Laird of the Research Department, said that the organization worked only for "prisoners of conscience" — that is, people who had been imprisoned on account of political and religious views and who had not committed or advocated violence. "It is not usual that we take up the cases of people denied the right to emigrate from one country to another," said the letter.

"JAZZ Plus Rock," a company founded about four years ago by dancer-choreographer Shimon Braun, will appear at the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv on August 1 and in the Binyanei Ha'oma in Jerusalem on August 3.

Since it was formed, the company has toured extensively and has increased its personnel. It now numbers 21 dancers. Shimon Braun calls his new programme "Vibrations." The dancers include Liz Braun (his wife), Zilporah Porat, Ruth Oseri, Hillel Frisch, Dana Frisch and Paul Taitel.

One of the factors contributing to the success of the "Samson and Delilah" production at Caesarea as part of the Israel Festival is the choreography of Lia Schubert. She marshalled a large company of dancers and helped to make the performance what one critic called "a feast for the eyes." Lia Schubert directs the Institute of Dance Arts in Haifa and a company called "Dancers Stage," which recently gave notable performances in both Tel Aviv and Haifa.

WHILE Israeli balletomanes are waiting impatiently for Bjart's "Ballet of the 20th Century" coming for the Israel Festival (August 16-22), agog to see whether it deserves either the brickbats or the bouquets it has received around the world, one may take a gratified look at our own companies. Two of them, the Batsheva and the Bat-Dor, are presenting new works under the banner of the Festival — the Batsheva in Haifa (July 27), Jerusalem (July 29) and Sha'ar Hanagev (July 31) and the Bat-Dor in Tel Aviv (August 1, 3, 5).

To create new works for the Bat-Dor company, the celebrated British choreographer Walter Gore and his prima-ballerina wife Paula Hinton are here. "Paula always helps me with rehearsing," explained Gore. He is re-creating his own "Dance Pictures" in which Jeannette Ordman will take the role that his wife has danced. He is also devising a new ballet.

Paula Hinton and Walter Gore both grew up in the Ballet Rambert, but they have not confined their talents to that company. For the past two years they have been free-lancing — in Oslo, Augsburg and Glasgow. The previous five years they spent in Portugal, building up the Lisbon Gulbenkian Ballet. When they left, it had 40 dancers.

In his dancing days, Walter Gore created the title role in Ninette de Valois's "The Rake's Progress" for the Sadler's Wells (now Royal) Ballet.

Here in the Bat-Dor company, this small, bearded, bird-eyed master choreographer, has found standards "up to expectations." Paula Hinton, a lithe blonde with a dancer's face as well as body, who recently danced for the Queen

at a gala performance in Liverpool, also looked happy.

Walter Gore's advice to dancers runs like this: "At the Ballet Rambert, we learned to put truth and honesty before everything. Personal problems — headaches, heartaches — had to remain outside. Those who don't like it that way should give it up. Dancers must discipline themselves."

Here again, on his third visit, is Harry Haythorne of the Scottish Ballet, centred in Glasgow. He is giving classical classes at the Bat-Dor Studios while vacationing from his company.

Meanwhile, Bat-Dor has acquired a new member — a Russian immigrant, Leib Brauda. He began his dancing career in the Kirov Ballet but after three years of army service went into musicals, where life was somewhat freer. It made immigration easier, too.

For its Israel Festival programme, the Batsheva company is presenting four new ballets. The major work is a new ballet by the internationally-known American choreographer John Butler, to the music of Israeli composer Zvi Avni. Linda Rabin, rehearsal director of the company, has designed "Three out of Me," which was tried out a few months ago in the "Choreographic Workshop." Israeli choreographer Miral Sharon, whose "Transition" was so successful both here and in Paris, has created "Lyric Episodes" for 12 dancers. Linda Hodes, assistant artistic director of the company, has been authorized by Martha Graham to revive her ballet "Herodiade."

The Batsheva company has also gained a new male dancer, Derek Linton, born in Jamaica, trained in London, has come now from the London Contemporary Dance Company at the invitation of William

Louther, Batsheva's new artistic director.

Louther is creating a ballet entitled "In the Playground of the Zodiac" for next season. About his accepting the artistic directorship he said: "When I was here last (a few months ago) I liked what I saw of the company's spirit but didn't like the way it was functioning. So I dug my big toes in. I feel the company should have a more adventurous repertoire."

In September, noted choreographer Glen Tetley will be coming to create a ballet for the American tour on which the Batsheva company embarks at the end of October. American dancer-teacher Scott Douglas will also be coming. Early in October, John Cranko will arrive to make changes in his "Song of my People..." for the American tour.

The company is also booked to go to Lisbon, Monte Carlo, Paris and Lausanne next June-July.



Choreographer Walter Gore... truth and honesty first.



William Louther... Batsheva's new artistic director.



Leib Lionya Brauda... a "recruit" from the Soviet Union.

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THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

We were not amused

Ken Campbell's Road Show presents AN EVENING WITH SYLVESTER MCCOY (Hanna Bomb), written and directed by Ken Campbell. The Israel Festival, 1972.

As a famous British lady once said, we were not amused. The Ken Campbell Road Show presentation of An Evening with Sylvester McCoy practises a brand of humour which has its roots in British popular entertainment, but which this old snob found below his taste. I am also afraid that the majority of the audience at the opening night felt the same way, judging by the sparseness of the applause and also by the fact that there were more empty seats in the hall after the intermission than before it.

Sylvester McCoy is undoubtedly a very talented natural comedian, who can make an audience laugh no matter what he does. It's a pity that he goes to such lengths to accomplish his purpose, in association with the rest of the cast, three men and one woman, none of whom is in the least bit amusing. Moreover, they are a rather unattractive lot who have cultivated a hirsute, unwashed appearance as well as an inability to speak intelligible English.

The lengths to which Sylvester McCoy and the rest of them go include a great deal of rumping around the stage undressed and, in the case of the star, really undressed — I mean, hiding absolutely nothing. It also includes taking the audience out of the theatre into the street to an empty lot where Mr. McCoy performs a "human bomb" stunt, having a firecracker explode on his bare

stomach. It further includes a ferret (half-tamed variety of polecat kept for driving rabbits from burrows, killing rats, etc. — The Concise Oxford Dictionary) let into Mr. McCoy's pants, while his straight man counts off the seconds on a stop watch, and announces that a new world record has just been established for keeping a ferret in a man's pants without damage to what he exposed a while ago.

If audiences in British pubs in seaside resorts like Brighton enjoy this kind of entertainment over their pints of bitter, who am I to object? But, at the risk of sounding as stuffy as the lady I mentioned in the beginning, I must say here that the Ken Campbell Road Show is not the kind of show I would have expected the Israel Festival to import.

MISHELANU ("Our Own"), an evening of readings, acting and singing, presented by the Kibbutz Movement and Teavia. Directed by Yosef Carmel, edited by Benjamin Gal, songs by Eli Nezer, music by Yehuda Hlevy.

DOES life in the kibbutz differ a great deal from the rat race in the city? It seems that it does, as testified by writers who live in the kibbutz: they have their own rat race. Mishelanu is a show presented by a group of professional actors, non-kibbutzniks, based on stories and poems by writers who are kibbutz members, among them such well-known names as Abba Kovner, Amos



Albert Cohen, Zivli Abramson, Shimon Bar and Yosef Carmel... an entertaining evening.

is still another (by Aliza Amir), a kibbutznik involved in a hit-and-run accident learns his bitter lesson about the undercurrent of hostility and hypocrisy in his community. On the humorous side, in "1:0 In Favour of Education" (by Benjamin Gal), a father is told not to confuse his son with nonsense like the theatre when the boy is interested in football as a healthy, healthy kibbutz kid should be. Altogether an entertaining and enlightening evening.

Western Europe and the M.E.

(Continued from Page 8)
area, which would permit their prospective clients here to replace the burdensome Soviet presence with a more sophisticated kind of Western influence.

The Arabs, because of their inherent weakness, might for their part choose to exchange the heavy-handed Soviet imperialism under which they are labouring now for a "deodorized" French variety, which makes greater allowances for Arab sensibilities.

For Israel, this would be the occasion to employ its enduring regional superiority to enforce a true balance of power in the Middle East — and perhaps even to buy Israel's entry, as a full-fledged member, into the expanded Common Market. The sharpness of the conflict with the Arabs could also be blunted, at least for a while, as a result.

Furthermore, it is even possible that the Soviets themselves may be seeking a way out of their less vital but heavy Arab commitments. Quite a number of Arab demands surely do not coincide with primary Soviet interest. Yet since 1967 the Kremlin has been forced to play a

rather risky and uncertain game in the Middle East, doubtless to the chagrin of some of the more sober among Soviet policy-makers. They would like to decrease the costs of their country's Arab entanglement.

To sum up: the weakness of the Arabs makes it difficult for them to stage a confrontation with Israel as long as they feel politically alone. They are therefore bound to try to look for some new external support, otherwise they will find themselves helpless satellites of Soviet imperialism. For Israel, this means that its military position may improve, since it is extremely unlikely that European advisers, troops or pilots would ever risk a clash with our forces.

Politically speaking, the situation could become more complicated. The question is, when will Israel's sheer strength and stability force a change in the present policies of France and other prospective European partners? For if they cannot obtain what they want in the Middle East without deferring to Israel's legitimate interests, they will be compelled to adjust their policies accordingly.

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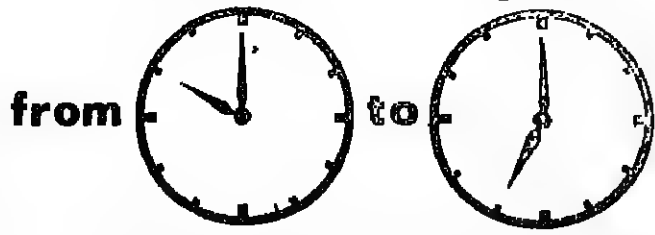
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Fresh Faces at J'lem Artists House

by Meir Ronnen

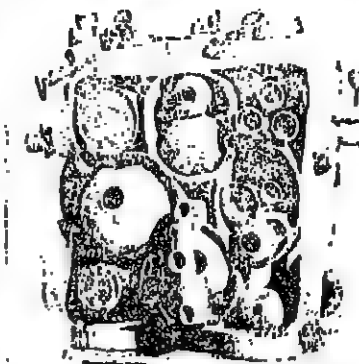
THREE young artists, all of them fairly recent arrivals in Israel, are currently showing their work at the Jerusalem Artists House. Two of them are man and wife who attended the same art school in the U.S. and are exhibiting here for the first time. The couple, Jeanne and Allen Wolf, are evidence of the advantages of receiving a thoroughly professional training.

Jeanne Wolf, originally trained as a painter, now works in bronze, stone, wood, welded metals and ceramics. It is in the last two mediums that she succeeds and her ceramic sculptures, which often consist of a large number of small pottery and pipe-like elements of dark colour enclosed by a larger, and lighter box-like form, show a marked sense of presence and a great deal of originality. They are also beautifully made. So are her welded wire-and-metal forms, but the technique has been so done to death that one approaches them with an almost inevitable sense of déjà vu.

Colourful abstractions Allen Wolf's large, abstract oils are not only colourful but appealing in colour, though there is a tendency to become ingratiating, which, in the watercolours, descends to mere sweetness. His style harks back to the Gazine school of abstraction of Paris in the 'fifties, with the deliberate freshness of handling derived from Hans Hoffman and American abstract expressionism.

There are faint traces of landscape and the large areas of bright colour are sometimes surrounded or given direction by almost calligraphic strokes. The most successful compositions are axial and generally revolve around a fulcrum, usually one that is actually defined by a small but firm stroke of colour. The paintings created of colours with a fairly uniform admixture of white are gentler and more chromatic than those where colour from the tube is mixed only with the oil or turps medium.

While the Wolfs have not brought any pioneering avant garde ideas with them, their tremendously professional approach makes them a valuable addition to our art community. And they are, after all, only at the beginning of their careers.



Jeanne Wolf: Ceramic sculpture.



Allen Wolf: Abstraction (oil).

THE third exhibitor, prolific Gretty Rotman-Rubinstein, 25, is a talented young artist who came here from Rumania a number of years ago and whose work has been seen in Jerusalem before. In Rumania she was evidently a child prodigy but has not shaken off her East European academic background. Her works are figurative and almost realistic, loosely composed and often too gentle to be characterized as expressionist. Most of the subjects include groups of women, many of them nude, in various situations of erotic favour: harems, marriages, seductions, voyeurism. The element of gentleness lies in the post-impressionist style of painting which seems suited to more gentle subject matter. There is more unity of subject and technique in Gretty's coloured etchings, which are much more expressionist in approach and, as a result, much more convincing. (Jerusalem Artists House, till August 9).



Gretty Rotman-Rubinstein: "Banna" (oil).

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

ISRAELI XI-SHEM — Boneh Eretz — sculptures — Operetta Hall, Aol Shauli. From the object to the form (Lithography) — Herta and Paul Amirani. 1929-1972 (Israel and Goldmann Hall) sculptures are draughtsmen and printmakers (Goldmann-Schwartz Hall).

MICHAEL GROBMAN — born in Moscow in 1925. Grobman came here only eight months ago and was accorded a large show at the Tel Aviv Museum. In the tempera, mixed-media and watercolours he shows, here, all rendered with skill, he shows his fantastic illustrations based on both Russian and Jewish folklore. There is a strange mixture of both genres and decorative folk art rendered in a deliberately naive manner, although the sophisticated approach betrays the university. The artist was, doubtless, currently regarded in Moscow as a young star. Here, however, it is mostly the force of his artistic personality that makes these works seem somewhat familiar and established. (Nora gallery) till August 5 (M.E.)

YARIVINSKY — Another husband and wife double, his paintings were seen fairly recently in this gallery and have not changed much in style: almost monochromatic, often tones of grey with touches of blue and red floating among other floating glazes, evidently a play on space-light. The atmosphere, however, is entirely surrealistic. His wife's contribution are small ceramic sculptures of abstract but faintly bio-morphic forms, most of them in relief, and in profile, and the sense of mass she forms themselves require. (Kugel Gallery, till August 5) (M.E.)

WOODCUTS — by Zelde Siederer, Hanna Teicher, Jacob Pina, all in their families. They are all very competent techniques. They are accompanied by Mordchai Omelie, better known for his mosaics, who also shows formalized graphic work, out. (Shahar Gallery, Rehov Hehazit, a new new gallery between King George and the Artists House, till August 15) (M.E.)

YORI KUPPERMAN — Oils, watercolours, etchings and drawings (TCOV) till August 6. (M.E.)

EVEN JAFFA RD. CAN BE HEAVY-THEFT! — Delightful and accurate models, mostly in wood, are on display at Jaffa Rd., Jerusalem, with all the billboards and sign-boards of the city. (Shahar Gallery, Rehov Hehazit, a new new gallery between King George and the Artists House, till August 15) (M.E.)

AMI SHAVIT — Silk screen versions of his abstract sculptures (Safra Gallery) till August 5. (M.E.)

MARC ONAGALL — Lithographs (Safra Gallery) till August 5. (M.E.)

SEVEN YOUNG ARTISTS — A show of good average quality by seven young artists, without any artistic common denominator other than their obvious ambition to make out claims in the vicinity of new artistic frontiers. The nature of their work contains renderings of nets and fabric and embroidery patterns composed as abstract forms and by means of optical illusions of three-dimensionality and speed by references to "faded" paintings (Yarivinsky, 25) shows well-composed etchings of a massive vein, dealing mostly with descriptions of people or anonymous scenes in the manner of medieval apparatus and Swedish surgery. ("Sika") Kats works in a painting style that is reminiscent of the expressionist, pale off-white, geometrical layouts and mechanical drawings of actual subjects. Pinchas Ben-Gurion, "documentation," of an exhibition of prints he held several months ago in a fan-shaped kibbutz, cows and all. (Mifnim Shoshan shows dark abstract works, done wholly or in part in a monotype printing technique. Perhaps because of overloading and overworking, her compositions fall to be clear and emphatic in the manner of Naum Slutzky makes no effort to cover up the influences of Uri Lifshitz and Yair Garbus, combining renderings of figures and painting textures occasionally with the ubiquitous collective mannerism, deriving from Larry Rivers, of slim marginal sub-headings connected by lines to parts of images. Like those of his stylistic mode, his paintings bristle with vitality and compare well with them in the area of composition. Yarivinsky's more abstract, but non-objective objects attached to the wall. Brightly coloured, they include elements that have already been mentioned. The motivating concept behind these works is not sculpture but the transmission of painting into three dimensions (220 Gallery, 220 Ben Yehuda). (R.B.)

"IS IT OR ISN'T IT AYANT GARDE?" — This is the title of a show of young artists which bears the above title in a bold, faded and rather would section of Tel Aviv bordering on the seashore. The site, which belongs to the Bin-Yans, a family

of young artists, is used as a studio where the group gathers regularly for drawing a nude model, an activity which has no bearing whatsoever on any of the works they show. All the 13 are former Asmi Art Institute students. Most have already begun to exhibit. The general tendency of the show is experimental, with already fairly well-established guidelines of technique, sculpture, the use of banal "found objects," as well as a mix of traditional materials. In a brief statement of ideas written by one of the participants, Ilana Ben-Nun, mention is made of the desire to harness aesthetic means with the functional appearances of man's environment, while still using a spotlight aimed at exhibit striking ideas or images or even technical sophistication and register as being blind and superficial. Most of the artists are young, and Natall Landberg exhibits on the floor, a large spongy glob that might be a sculpture or a piece of furniture. It is full of tactile connections and its strangeness is enhanced by the real image of a chicken's legs, which are out of the scene, and a relief out of a piece of glass, the glass is hung several centimetres from the floor, a large spongy glob that might be a sculpture or a piece of furniture. It is full of tactile connections and its strangeness is enhanced by the real image of a chicken's legs, which are out of the scene, and a relief out of a piece of glass, the glass is hung several centimetres from the floor, a large spongy glob that might be a sculpture or a piece of furniture. It is full of tactile connections and its strangeness is enhanced by the real image of a chicken's legs, which are out of the scene, and a relief out of a piece of glass, the glass is hung several centimetres from the floor, a large spongy glob that might be a sculpture or a piece of furniture. 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WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel
With your own hands!
Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judaea leave every Monday and Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Keren Kayemeth LeIsrael (Jewish National Fund) in Jerusalem - Rehov King George, corner Rehov Keren Kayemeth, Tel. 3531, in Tel Aviv - 56 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 234443.

All Week in Jerusalem
* Israel Museum:
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues., Shrines of the Book, 10 a.m.-12 p.m.; Tues. Museum, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.
Exhibitions:
Reoni Efrat (Sperius Hall).
Ami Shavit: From the Object to the Print (Library Hall).
Avigdor Stenataky: Paintings 1938-1973 (Gruss & Goldman Hall).
Sculptors as Draughtsmen and Printmakers (Goldman-Schwartz Hall).
Contemporary Prints - from the Museum's Collection (Cohen Hall) Creative Works by Children and Games (Youth Wing).

Special Exhibit: Decorated bronze oil lamp - early Roman period. Tomb Offerings from Gezer (Rockefeller).
* Conducted Tours:
* Madassah Tours - By appointment only, Tel. 3833, Jerusalem.
1. Tour of Madassah Projects in Jerusalem, 8:30 a.m. Biran's Health Centre, 24 Rehov Biran, 11:30 a.m. or 2 p.m. towards transportation and refreshments.
2. Medical Centre Only, includes visit to Chagal windows, exclusive Audio-Visual Presentation of the "Madassah Story" at 8:30 a.m., 12:15 p.m. and 3 p.m. Kennedy Tourist and Information Centre, Medical Centre. No charge. Bus 19 and 27.
3. Boys' Town Jerusalem - (Kiryat Noar), Be'er Yegon. Daily tours (except Shabbat), Tel. 521212.

Hebrew University, conducted tours in English weekdays at 9 and 11 a.m. starting from the lobby of the Administration Building at the Givat Ram campus and at 8:30 a.m. from the main research institute at the Mount Scopus campus.
Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Oppans' Home of Giv'at Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressive modern buildings. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 5, Kiryat Moana, Tel. 528261.

New Israel Films:
Latest Israel films screened weekdays at 11 noon at Keren Kayemeth Hall, Zevulun Building, Jerusalem. Admission free.

Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneider Wood, Romema, Tel. 2835, 7:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Special Syngogue Tour, East, Tour Office, Central Bus Station, 2 p.m., Friday. Traditional Syngogue Tours, United Tour Office, King David Hotel Annex, 2 p.m., Friday.
One Shabbat Weekly Portion, Community Singing (in English) Hechal Shimon 9 p.m. (admission free), Friday.
Van Leer's stunning new seven-colour Foster Map, hand-drawn from 187,000 individual photos, shows every single building, tree, street, and landmark in gift and bookstores everywhere.
"A Stone in David's Tower" - Sound and Light Show in Jerusalem. Text: Yehuda Haasrah, Directed by Pierre Arnaud and Arnon Ader, Music: Noam Shariff. Every evening except Friday, 7:30 a.m. in Hebrew; 8:45 p.m. in English; 10 p.m. added above in English on Wed., Thurs., and Sat. evenings; 10 p.m. in French, on Sun. and Thurs. evenings only. Tickets: Jerusalem agencies and Central evening box office. Please come dressed warmly.

TEL AVIV
The Tel Aviv Museum, Sherat Shaul Hamelech, Marcel Janco, retrospective exhibition - Dada (Zacks Hall) closing July 31. Picasso 200 graphic works (Hall No. 3) other exhibitions: Israeli painting and sculpture (Meyerhoff Hall). The Museum Collections (Jaglom Hall). Kinetic Art Special Exhibit: Model of Protein, built by Dr. H. Stone (Haft Hall). Hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10-4; Tues., 10-11, 4-10; Fri., 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Sat., 7-11 p.m. Free guided tours in English at 11:30 a.m.

Halina Rubinstajn Pavilion, temporarily closed, due to renovations.

CUSCUS
Fresh fish
Rich oriental bulance
TRIPOLI RESTAURANT
37 Rehov Basel, Jafa

The Israel National Opera
1 Allenby Road
Tel Aviv Tel. 57224
Tomorrow, July 29
DAS DREIMÄDERLÄUS
Tel Aviv, 8:30

Jerusalem, 30620, 35263.
Museum Ha'aretz: Ramat Aviv, (1) Oliva Museum; (2) Kadman Numismatic Museum; (3) Ceramic Museum; (4) Museum of Ethnography and Folklore; (5) Museum of Science and Technology; (6) Excavation, Wed. - 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 26 Rehov Binliki; (7) Museum for the History of Tel Aviv; (8) Alphabet Museum; Sun. through Thurs. - 9 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri. - 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Sat. - 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo; Sun., Mon., Tues. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Conducted Tours:
* Tel Aviv University
Free conducted tours in English, of RAMAT AVIV CAMPUS and except Saturdays. Assembly point at University 10:30 a.m. Public Relations Dept.: Transportation - by public buses 26, 28, 78, 80. Free transportation on Mondays and Wednesdays from hotels: 8:30 a.m. Kadman, Sherat, Accadia, Vaidor, 10 a.m. Sharakon, Hilton, Ramat Aviv, Samual, Astor, Dan, Park, Deborah, Advi: Ami Shalom, Basel. For further details, Tel. 41811. Public Relations Dept.
Bar-Ilan University: daily for free transportation - please call public relations, Tel. 17451.

Jerusalem - Tel Aviv: E. Stern's duty-free Jewellery, international guarantee, Government-approved.
ORT Israel, for visits, please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 22291/2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 33876; ORT Haifa, Tel. 8497; ORT Netanya, Tel. 23922.
National Religious Women's Organization: Miral and Haspaal Handshahat Women in Israel, 166 Iba Giv'at, Tel Aviv, Call - Tel Aviv, 44151, 78842.

WEISSMAN Institute of Science, conducted tours, Sun. to Thurs. 11 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.; Friday 10:30 a.m. only; starting from the lobby of the Charles Glors International House.
SATURDAY - JERUSALEM
Organ Music by Philip Rogov every Saturday at 11:30 a.m. Y.M.C.A. Auditorium, Public Welcome.
Elsara Malka, 6:30 p.m. at Hechal Shimon, Tel. 58 Rehov King George.

COME AND JOIN US AROUND THE BAR AT GALLERY M

- Open from 10 a.m. to the small hours of morning
- Israeli Artists exhibit their works for sale
- Your favourite hard liquor
- Treats from the Far East
- Snacks to your heart's content

WE SHALL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU
27 Rehov Salmon, JERUSALEM

the israel museum, jerusalem THIS WEEK AT THE MUSEUM

Sun., through Thursday 4:00-5:30 p.m.
Demonstration of silk-printing in the Ami Shavit Exhibition Prints on sale - IL10.
Benni Efrat Films
Sun., Mon., Tues., Fri., 10:30 p.m.
Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., 4:30 p.m.

Tuesday, August 1, 1972 6:00 and 8:30 p.m.
ART FILM CLUB
"2001: A Space Odyssey" (G.B., 1968)
Directed by Stanley Kubrick. With Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood, William Sylvester. Please buy tickets in advance. Tuesday: sale to members only.

Thursday, August 3, 1972 2:00 and 4:00 p.m.
YOUTH WING FILM CLUB
"Disneyland by Night"
(For children from the age of 6 only)

EXHIBITIONS
Benni Efrat (Sperius Hall)
Ami Shavit: From the Object to the Print (Library Hall)
Avigdor Stenataky: Paintings 1938-1973 (Gruss & Goldman Hall)
Sculptors as Draughtsmen and Printmakers (Goldman-Schwartz Hall)
Contemporary Prints - from the Museum's Collection (Cohen Hall)
Creative Works by Children and Games (Youth Wing)
Puppets (Youth Wing)

SPECIAL EXHIBIT
Decorated bronze oil lamp - early Roman period
SPECIAL EXHIBITION AT ROCKEFELLER
Tomb Offerings from Gezer

YOUTH WING - NEXT TERM
Children 6-16 all classes
Registration in August:
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-12 noon, 2-4 p.m.
Studies start October 2, 1972
Adults - association members only
Classes: Painting (beginners & advanced), ceramics, etching, sculpture
Registration starts, September 9, 1972
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-12 noon
Studies start, October 5, 1972

Halina Rubinstajn Pavilion, temporarily closed, due to renovations.

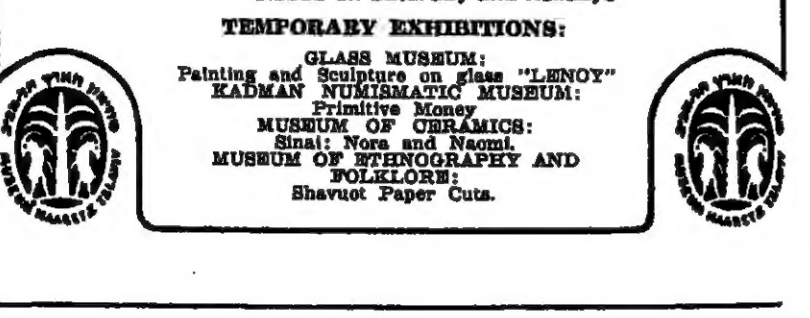
MUSEUM HAARETZ TEL AVIV

RAMAT AVIV
GLASS MUSEUM
KADMAN NUMISMATIC MUSEUM
CERAMIC MUSEUM
MUSEUM OF ETHNOGRAPHY AND FOLKLORE
MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
TEL QASILE EXCAVATIONS
NECHUSTAN PAVILION-TIMNA EXCAVATIONS
ALPHABET MUSEUM.

visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Wed.: 10 a.m. - 8 p.m.
Fri.: 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Saturday and holidays: 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.

LASKY PLANETARIUM
Daily presentation from 11:30 a.m., Tues. also at 7:15 p.m. Closed on Saturday and holidays
Y A F O. 10 Rehov Mifratz Shlomo
MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES TEL AVIV-YAFO
Visiting hours: as in Ramat Aviv
TEL AVIV - 27 Rehov Binliki
HISTORICAL MUSEUM
Visiting hours:
Daily 9 a.m. - 2 p.m.
Wed.: 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.; 4 - 7 p.m.
Fri.: 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Closed on Saturday and holidays

TEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS:
GLASS MUSEUM: Painting and Sculpture on glass "LENOY"
KADMAN NUMISMATIC MUSEUM: Primitive Money
MUSEUM OF CERAMICS: Sinal, Nora and Naomi
MUSEUM OF ETHNOGRAPHY AND FOLKLORE: Sharvot Paper Cut.



This week at the Tel Aviv Museum

THE NEW BUILDING (27-29 Sd. Shaul Hamelech, Tel. 257861)
EXHIBITIONS
* Marcel Janco - Retrospective and Dada (Zacks Hall), closing on Monday, July 31, 1972
* Israeli Painting and Sculpture (Meyerhoff Hall)
* Picasso: 200 Graphic Works (Hall No. 3)
* Kinetic Art - Special Exhibit
* Model of Protein, built by Dr. H. Stone (Haft Hall)

THE MUSEUM COLLECTIONS (Jaglom Hall)
GUIDED TOURS: English: daily at 11:30 a.m. (except Sat.)
LIBRARY: The Helana Rubinstajn Art Library is open Sun.-Thurs. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. (New Building)
EVENTS: (Mally Kaufmann Hall, New Building, at 8:30 p.m.)
Tickets available at the New Building.

FILMS
Tuesday, Aug. 1, 1972: at 7:15 p.m. and at 9:15 p.m.
Lardi di Biciclette (Bicycle Thieves) (Italy - 1948)
Director: Vittorio de Sica • With Lamberto Maggiorani, Enzo Staiola (Italian; Heb. Transl.)

Visiting Hours: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.; Tuesday: 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-10 p.m. Friday: 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Saturday: 7-11 p.m.
Helana Rubinstajn Pavilion, temporarily closed, due to renovations.

Inbal Dance Theatre
NIMROD AND THE GOAT

Choreography: RINA SHARVOT
Music: ALBERT PIAMENTA
Costumes: DAVID SHARID

From the Press
"An absolutely refreshing and enjoyable creation!" Nahman Ben-Ami, "Ma'ariv"
"The opening scene is exceptionally beautiful!" Gloria Manor, "Al Hamsalmas"
"The performance of the difficult parts is full of life!" Dora Sowden "Yedioth Ahronoth"

TEL AVIV, Beit Arlozorov (Ohel)
Monday, July 31, at 8:30 • Sat., August 5, at 8:30
JERUSALEM, "Mifholl", Monday, August 7, 8:30
JERUSALEM, "Mifholl", Monday, August 7, 8:30
Every Wednesday at the Khan, JERUSALEM
Chamber Performance

THIS WEEK AT THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL SPECIAL CONCERT
DANIEL BARENBOIM, Piano
PINCHAS ZUKERMAN, Violin
JACQUELINE DU PRE, Cello
Programme: Beethoven - Trio No. 1, opus 7 (The Ghost)
Tchaikovsky - Trio in A minor
TODAY - TEL AVIV - Friday, July 28 - Mann Auditorium - at 8:30 p.m.
For the first time in Israel
THEODORAKIS CONDUCTS THEODORAKIS
(represented in Israel by Ermes)
Composer & Conductor: MIRKIS THEODORAKIS
Singers: Maria Farantouri, Arja Sajjonmas, Petros Pandis and his Orchestra
TEL AVIV - Saturday, July 29 - Sport Palace - at 8:30 p.m.
CAESAREA - Sunday and Monday, July 30 and 31 - at 8:30 p.m.
CAESAREA - Tuesday, August 1, at 8:30 p.m.
All tickets sold out.

THE BAT-SHEVA DANCE COMPANY
JERUSALEM - Saturday, July 29 - Binyanei Ha'omah - at 8:30 p.m.
SHAAR HANEZEV - Monday, July 31 - Regional Amphitheatre
TEL AVIV - Wednesday, August 2 - Mann Auditorium - at 8:30 p.m.

THE GUARNERI STRING QUARTET (U.S.A.)
"World's master of chamber music" - Time Magazine
Programme:
Mozart - Quartet in D.K. 499
Kirschner - Quartet No. 1
Hendelsson - Quartet in E flat major, opus 44, No. 3
REHOVOT - Sunday, July 31 - Wiz Auditorium - at 8:30 p.m.
HAIFA - Tuesday, August 1 - The Municipal Theatre - at 8:30 p.m.
Beethoven - Quartet in F minor, opus 95
Bartok - Quartet No. 1
Suzuki - Quartet in E minor ("From my Life")
TEL AVIV - Wednesday, August 2 - Mann Auditorium - at 8:30 p.m.

THE BAT-DOR DANCE COMPANY
TEL AVIV - July 1, 3 and 5 - Bat-Dor Hall - at 8:30 p.m.

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ENSEMBLE
Conductor: GARY BERTINI
Soloists: Sheila Armstrong, Gilla Yaros, soprano
Helen Watts, mezzo-soprano - Gerald English, tenor
Hilal Uniter Reich, baritone
The Scottish National Orchestra Chorus - Chorus Master: John Currie
Programme:
J. S. Bach - Suite No. 3
Cantata No. 140
Magnificat
JERUSALEM - Wednesday, August 2 - Binyanei Ha'omah - at 8:30 p.m.
CAESAREA - Thursday, August 3 - Roman Theatre - at 8:30 p.m.

THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1972

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1972

TIVON GROWTH CENTRE
AUGUST 5: Michael Bernot and Albert Silver
A DAY OF ENCOUNTER
(in English)
AUGUST 12: Israel Charay
YOUR MARRIAGE - a workshop for couples
All weekend workshops in Kfar Shimayahu (Herzliya)
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THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

Artistic Director: Gary Bertini

6 SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS SEASON 1972/73

CONCERT No. 1 (September)
Conductor: GARY BERTINI
MOZART - "LA CLEMENZA DI TITO" opera in 3 acts
With: Soloists and "HINAT" (1910H)

CONCERT No. 2 (November)
Conductor: LUCIANO BERIO
Soloist: CATHY BERBERIAN (Soprano)
PUROCELL - The Fairy Queen (Suite)
STRAVINSKY - Priglasoutky
BERIO - Oemilia 2 B
RAVEL - Chanson De Mallarme
BERIO (arr.) - Folk Songs

CONCERT No. 3 (January)
Conductor: GARY BERTINI
Soloist: REMA SAMSONOV (Mezzo-Soprano)
JEROME BARRY (Bartons)
MORDEKHAI SHVOURUN (Baritone)
LIGETY - Chamber Concerto
MOZART - Symphony No. 88 in B flat major
WELL - "Seven Deadly Sins" (Staged performance)
Designer: DANI KARAVAN

CONCERT No. 4 (March)
Conductor: NOAM SHERIFF
Soloist: HEINZ HOLLIGER (Oboe)
HAYDN - Symphony No. 28 in A major
PENTRECKY - Capriccio for Oboe and Strings
SHERIFF - Sonata for Chamber Orchestra
BACH - Concerto in F major for Oboe and Orchestra
DEBUSSY - Petite Suite

CONCERT No. 5 (May)
Conductor: URI SEGAL
Soloist: UZI WIESEL (Cello)
FAUCOS - New York
TOCHAKOWSKY - Roccoco Variations
SCHUBERT - Symphony No. 9 in B flat major

CONCERT No. 6 (June)
Conductor: GARY BERTINI
Soloist: HEATHER HARPER (Soprano)
ORGAD - Offering to Love
BACH - Cantata 61 "Jehochet Gott"
BIZET - L'Arlesienne (original version)

SPECIAL CONCERTS
RECITAL: GARY BERTINI (Piano)
BERLINER KONZERT-ORCH.
GEOERGE MALCOLM (Harpichord)
Conductor: STEPHEN SIMON
Soloist: ALIEIRO DIAZ (Guitar)

RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTION

Tel Aviv: 108 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, Tel. 281378, 288884
Jerusalem: "KAHANA" Office, 1 Rehov Herbert Samul, Tel. 282881
Haifa: "GARBER" Office, 129 Sderot Hanassi, Tel. 84777



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- Giant Steak Rib and Club Dump Steaks.
- Super-Hawaiian and Black Angus mixed grill.
- Shrimps/Prawns, deep-fried in batter or grilled.
- Special Big Boy Burger Bar Munchers, including our Best Big Boy Spanish Burger and many more originals.

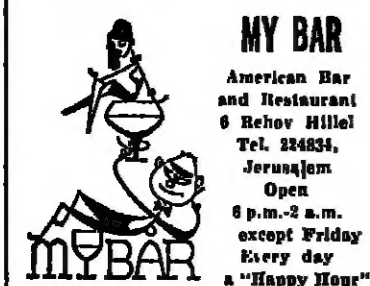
All served with French fries, salads and our special Peri-Peri and other tasty spices.

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Black Angus, Kfar Shmaryahu.
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BATSHEVA dance company

As part of the Israel Music and Drama Festival 1972
JERUSALEM, Binyanei Ha'Ooma, Tomorrow, Sat., July 29, at 8.30

SHAAR HANEgev, Regional Theatre, Mon., July 31, at 9
Tickets: Jerusalem "Cahana."

TEL AVIV, Nahmani

Tuesday, August 1, 8.30 Saturday, August 5, 8.30
Thursday, August 3, 8.30 Monday, August 7, 8.30

Israel Theatres

<p>The Cameri Theatre Last performance before summer recess THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE Comedy Tel Aviv, Sat., July 29 RUMFELSTILSKIN Cameri Theatre Sun., July 30, 10.30 Mon., July 31, 10.30 Tue., Aug. 1, 10.30</p> <p>A SUMMER CELEBRATION by Nathan Alterman Jerusalem, Thurs., Aug. 3 Tel Aviv, Sat., Aug. 5 Sun., Aug. 6 YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Tel Aviv, Sun., July 30 Mon., July 31</p> <p>Halla Municipal Theatre Performances HEFEZZ Tel Aviv, Wed., Aug. 9</p>	<p>Haifa Municipal Theatre Last performance before summer recess HEFEZZ "Excellent marks!" A. Zaral, "Davar" Haifa, Sat., July 29 Sun., July 30</p> <p>Bifal Osmant La'am Nave Hitan, Aug. 1 Bait Keshet, Aug. 2</p> <p>Haifa, Mon., Aug. 7 Tues., Aug. 8 CAMERI THEATRE Wed., Aug. 9</p> <p>In cooperation with the Cameri Theatre THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE Sat., July 29 Tel Aviv</p> <p>SHORTLY THE TREASURY by Shalom Aleichem Tel Aviv, Wed., Aug. 9</p>	<p>Habimah Premieres WEDDING by S.Y. Agnon Director: Yossi Israel</p> <p>Tel Aviv, Small Hall Sat., Aug. 5, 8.30 Sun., Aug. 6, 8.30</p> <p>A DOG'S WILL Tel Aviv, Large Hall Sat., July 29, 8.30 Mon., July 31, 8.30 Tues., Aug. 1, 8.30 Wed., Aug. 2, 8.30 Thurs., Aug. 3, 8.30 Sat., Aug. 5, 8.30</p> <p>Zamach Sun., July 30 PICNIC FOR TWO comedy Tel Aviv, Small Hall Sat., July 29, 8.30 Thurs., Aug. 10, 8.30</p>
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The tyranny of the kitchen



AMNON Rubinstein's Boom-erang" programme, devoted to the woes of women in Israel, was one of the mildest and best-mannered discussions in the series: there was no hair-pulling and eye-scratching between the seekers of freedom and the lovers of their chains. It seemed to me that the apostles of liberty had an overwhelming case; nevertheless, the gentle stay-at-homes made some shrewd points. It is clear that it takes all kinds of women to make the modern world.

Nevertheless, Esther Herlitz and Dorit Eisenstock proved convincingly that modern society is rigged against women, and that the organization of this man's world condemns many of them to a bleak, dull term of virtual penal servitude, during which they have to do jobs comparable to picking oakum in a Victorian prison. The first fact that must be faced — and I do not think that the liberators made this point strongly enough — is that housework and child-rearing are awful jobs. It is absurd to pretend that cooking and washing up, cleaning furniture, scrubbing floors, are as interesting as going to an office or laboratory, or driving a tractor. To my mind, housework is so dull that any intelligent woman undertaking it as her only life's work needs to have her head examined.

As for children, another fact that should be faced is that the generation gap begins when the child is one day old. The conversation of children, until they are at least adolescent, is no substitute for that of adults. Women who have to spend days in the company of small children are in for a very, very dull time, which no amount of love can disguise.

Once it is accepted that responsibility for the home and children is not a lovely, sentimental pleasure for most educated women, despite the views of the two old-fashioned home bodies on the panel — the question arises, what should be done about it?

Esther Herlitz and Dorit Eisenstock suggested that the first thing is for boys to be taught home economics at school, so that they can take on a fair share of the burden of running a home. With respect, even hearing in mind that the two women concerned have obviously devoted considerable thought to the problem, it seemed to me that they were crying for the moon. It is unreasonable to expect a man who has to be out all day long working at two jobs to support the family to mind the baby, scrub the floors, cook the meals and wash the dishes when he gets home. To get him to submit to such a fate would require a major revolution. What is more, the revolution would be rather pointless if it merely resulted in the enslavement of man to baby, junior and dishes.

What the liberators should press for is recognition of how sad and awful is women's destiny, and for a reorganization of society to ease the lot of anybody who has to stay at home. At present, everything is designed by men for their hours of leisure — when they come home. Some man in the Housing Ministry, who never carried a pram up five flights of steps, decreed that new buildings of this height need not have elevators: this also prevents Grandma from being any use, just when her daughter at long last wants her around. Buses, whether German or Belgian, are designed so that only Amazons dare to take their children in prams on expeditions: Electric plugs are put conveniently low for would-be self-electrocuted adults — only, hence, the need for all that discipline imposed on the kids.

The youth programme I brought us another perennial argument, that about the universities. Dan Halperin, of the Ministry of Finance, had a very tough time trying to justify the proposed rise of 250 per cent in student fees, in the face of a vigorous attack by two students who had thought deeper than he about the problem. It is hard to credit that Mr. Halperin really believes in principle that the budget for higher education can be transferred to the students, any more than the budget for defence can be imposed on the soldiers, or for health on the sick. I was sorry that Dan Kenner cut the discussion so short.

I reserve judgment on the new Tuesday series, "The Grady Bunch, although I enjoyed the slapstick. It was curious to see Preston Jr. of "The Defenders" turned into an architect with three kids. It is great news that we are to have our satellite in full working order for the Olympics, not to mention the American elections. It gives me a very smug feeling indeed to know that, through the genius of mankind, we can get hot from outer space our daily stipend of man's wars, revolutions, riots, murders and pollution here on the ravaged planet earth.

THE TROUBLE WITH RADIO

MY big personal discovery of the week was what I believe all Israel broadcasting. In essence, I would say that it is the inability of some Israeli Broadcasting talents to accept the fact that the radio set is no longer an item of furniture rooted to the living room. The cigarette box-sized set of today has changed our listening habits (even without taking TV into account). Audiences have increased but, I believe, listening time has been reduced. I wonder whether any serious study of this subject has ever been made?

A REVIEW OF BROADCASTING by ZE'EV SCHUL

As a news medium, radio is still unrivalled, although I think some commentary is badly timed — especially the midday one needlessly extended, musically, to 90 minutes.

galls me is that he is commercialising on his Israeliness and at the same time criticizing his Galut (ex-Israeli) colleagues for not doing the same. This was good, spiced fare, even if Mr. San did leave a bad lingering after-taste. I'm sorry I missed the name of the interviewer. His handling of the crooner was superb.

Israel Broadcasting daily demonstrates, with "This Day" (First Programme, 18.05), that news presentation plus commentaries can be delivered in around half an hour.

Even a later edition, with a single commentary on, say, the principal news item of the day, would be welcome. And our Party meetings don't really ever get going before a late hour anyway, so that the midnight news bulletin, or the close-down one o'clock news could be accompanied by a short, compact commentary similar to the B.B.C. type.

ARIS San, the smooth-voiced *bouzouki* singer, was an early "Lunchtime Guest" (Army Programme, Friday, 11.30). Driven home — to Israel, that is — by nostalgia or something, he told us all about how he had struck a real bonanza in New York. His good fortune includes ownership of an expensive restaurant by the name of Sirocco in, he assured us, one of the choicest locations in town, with meals at \$30 and a spicy speciality called *khalhim*.

Rubinstein course are taught some element of dermatology, as well as the 400 available skin tones of cosmetics, before getting down to the most important thing — sales psychology. Salaries start at IL500, with a smart uniform and a liberal supply of cosmetics thrown in. If I heard right, there is also some participation in weekly hairdos, laundry and stuff. Working hours are reasonable. There is no official age limit. Good looks help, of course, but the company takes pride in employing a daughter, aged 22, and her mother, age not given.

His regular personal appearance at the Sirocco, he says, includes 80 per cent of Hebrew songs. True patriotism seldom goes unrewarded. Most of the Sirocco patrons are Jewish, and the Jews of New York, as everyone knows, think nothing of \$30 for a plate of *khalhim* as long as there's some *Yiddishkeit* to go with it.

Good listening last weekend also included Yossi Bani's feature (Second Programme, Friday, 14.10) presenting music and a thumbnail biography of Mikis Theodorakis. The talk was kept down to a minimum and we were able to enjoy the music as well as a good, spare commentary. I wish I could say the same about "Who's Afraid of Classical Music," which followed on the second programme, at 16.30. Mr. San can claim in his defence that he never was an Israeli to begin with. The Law of Return did not apply to him — he is after all a gentile. What commentary on the Brahms quintets.

BAT-DOR DANCE COMPANY

"The dancers of Bat-Dor are good — very good even!"
"Handelsblad," Rotterdam, June 17, 1972

"All the members of the Company reach in their dances an intensity of expression one only experiences very rarely... Jeanette Ordman is a convincing and masterful artist who can be reckoned with as one of the top international artists in this field."
"Die Tat," Zurich, Switzerland, June 12, 1972

"The Bat-Dor Dance Company left an excellent impression... all the dancers have the individuality and radiation of convincing soloists."
"Neue Zürcher Zeitung," Zurich, Switzerland, June 12, 1972

ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA
TEL AVIV, BAT-DOR THEATRE
AUGUST 1, 3, 5, 1972
PROGRAMMES: Requiem for Sounds — Metallica Beach (Walter Gore, Rachmaninoff) Dance Pictures
Tickets: Agencies, Bat-Dor, 80 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv, Tel. 268176 • Box Office, Tel. 268178.

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MANN AUDITORIUM

Thurs., August 3, 8.30
Jerusalem
BINYENEI HA'OOMA

Choreography:
SHIMON BRAUN
Costumes: NEBA
Lighting: Dan Or
Music: Cal Stevens, Oshias, Pink Floyd, Renaissance, The Modern Jazz Quartet, Dave Barth, Santana, Merring Maiden
Arrangements: Itak Ben-Nitin (Zito)
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Jerusalem: Le'an Ha'arev and other agencies



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Tzavta
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The Program:
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"Israel's New Troubadour," Davar

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Dear Netanya Citizen

You are hereby cordially invited to attend a special meeting, on Saturday, July 29, 1972, at 9.00 p.m. in Palace Hotel Rehov Gad Machmas, Netanya, called for the foundation of a Community Centre.

The project includes a modern Synagogue and meeting halls for youth, to be located in Rehov Danim on the "Tayelet."

- Addresses by:
1. Mr. O. Ben Ami
Mayor of Netanya
 2. Rabbi Cook
Rosh Yeshivat Bnei Akiva
 3. Rabbi Forman
Principal of the mekhina in Kfar Saba,
former Rabbi of Toronto (in English)
- Introduction by: Mr. J. Weinarot
- Your participation will be highly appreciated.

THE COMMITTEE

